

Américas

DECEMBER . 1956

THE AWAKENING FORESTS of tropical America

How Colombians celebrate a
POPOYAN CHRISTMAS

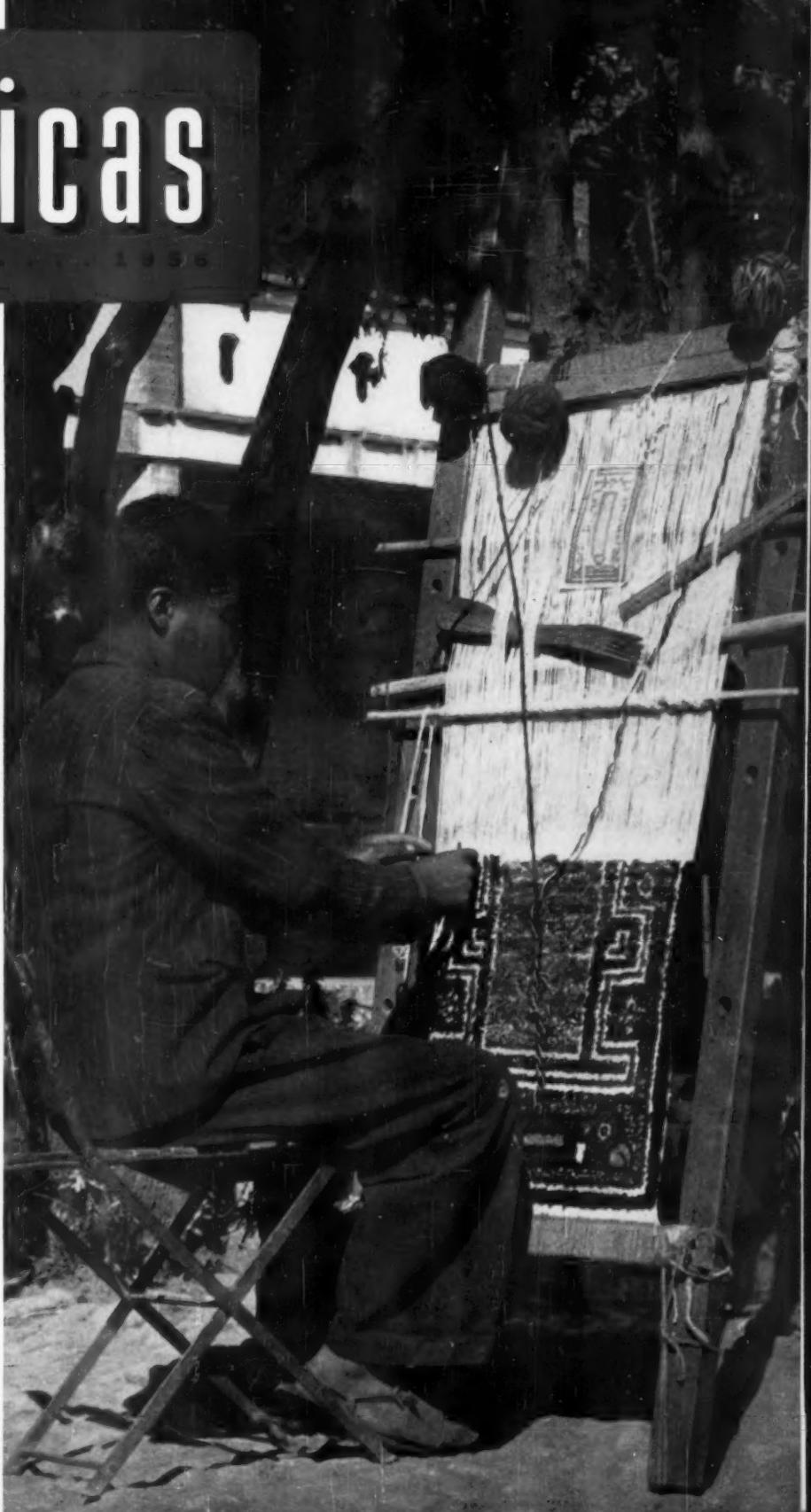
Tangier,
FORGOTTEN ISLAND
in the Chesapeake

GOWNS BY ESTEVEZ

THE SANTAGRAM
A short story

25
cents

Young Bolivian learns a trade.
See "Indians Take to School,"
page 20





Américas

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Opposite: Bird Vendor, oil by José Echave of Uruguay, was shown in artist's recent exhibit at Pan American Union

Dear Reader

The year 1957 will be important to the life of the Organization of American States. Even if no spectacular achievements result, at least serious efforts will be made and long-term plans formulated for the benefit of all the peoples of the Americas. The Meeting of Presidents in Panama last July had the outstanding merit, among others, of once more making our governments keenly aware that we must carefully check the way the OAS machinery is functioning in order to develop all its potential power.

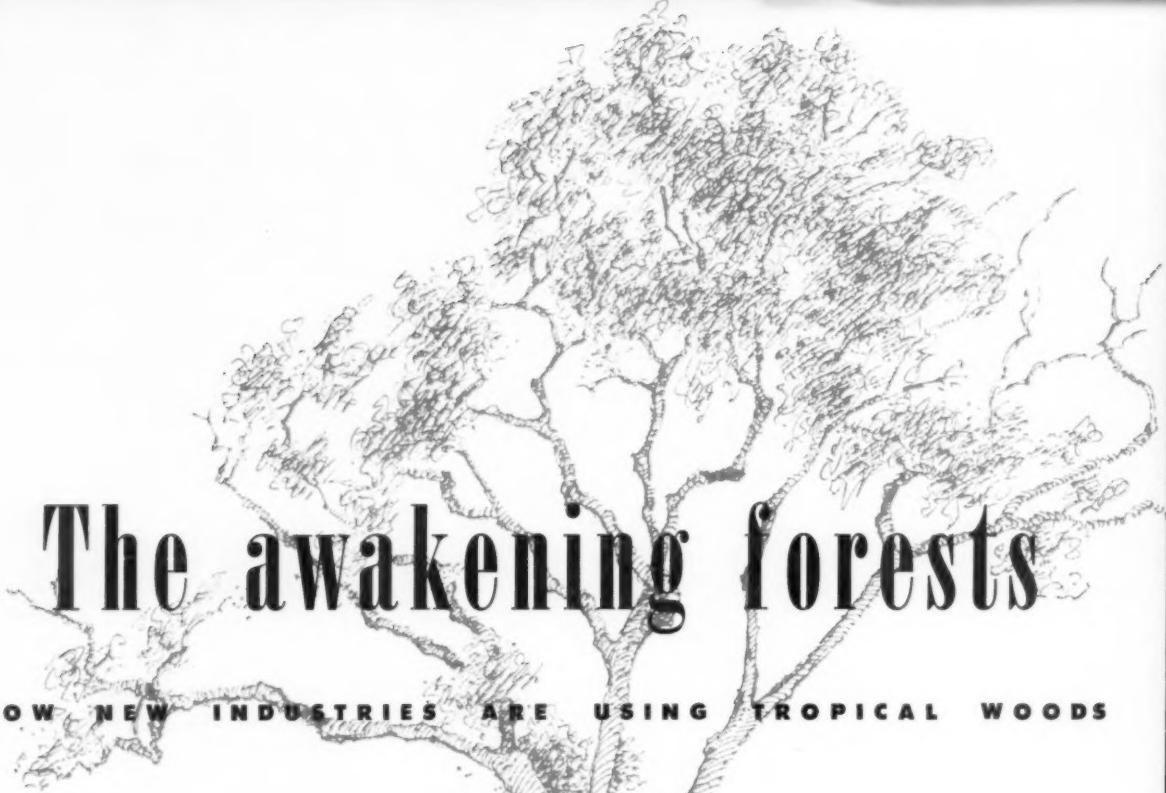
We had felt this need for some time. At the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas in 1954, Dr. Alberto Lleras, then Secretary General, delivered a memorable address in which he analyzed the deficiencies of the Organization and clearly stated a thesis that, in one form or another, has dominated all discussion and thinking on this matter: that the effectiveness of the OAS depends basically on the will of our governments. The same machinery we now have could produce much more if the member states were determined to back the Organization more vigorously. The OAS is identified with its members; it is not an isolated body that functions independently of them.

If real gains for well-being in the Hemisphere are to result from the general examination now planned—by the special Committee of Presidentialidential Representatives, among others—I believe we must be guided by a realistic and restrictive criterion, abandoning for now excessively ambitious projects. I think it would be useful to set down, in order of priority, the objectives and goals of inter-American economic and social cooperation, and concentrate on solving fundamental problems, such as the rapid eradication of serious endemic diseases in the Hemisphere, the development of the technical cooperation program, and the financing of basic economic projects.

If during the year 1957 we manage at least to set in motion the process leading to these goals, we will have taken a gigantic step in the direction of making the OAS an instrument that is adequate for all the purposes for which it was created.

I convey to the readers of AMERICAS, on whose enlightened understanding our common future so greatly depends, my sincere hopes that such plans as these will soon become reality.

FERNANDO LOBO, Ambassador from Brazil
(Ambassador Lobo has just been elected Chairman of the OAS Council)



The awakening forests

HOW NEW INDUSTRIES ARE USING TROPICAL WOODS

F. BRUCE LAMB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A QUIET REVOLUTION is under way in the forests of tropical America that is opening up untapped resources for new industry. The long-coveted giant mahogany, exported for the manufacture of fine furniture and ship-building, is growing scarce, losing its hegemony to little-known trees that were once considered worthless. Cuangare foliage rising from the coastal swamps and thick stands of cativio along tidal rivers have become the symbols of a new economic era. Now the trend is away from log exports; instead, the factory is moving right into the forest, near the source of raw materials, to turn out veneers, fiberboard, plywood, and chip board. The finished and semi-finished wood products are sold to both local and foreign markets. And thanks to Latin America's rapid industrial growth, the local market is an expanding one.

This newly discovered green gold is found in the Department of Petén, Guatemala; Darién Province, Panama; the Pacific coastal areas of Colombia and Ecuador; the Rio Atrato and Magdalena valleys of Colombia; the Yucatan peninsula; the Amazon basin. The revolution now in progress is based on new industrial techniques,

Highly prized mahogany (leafless during dry season) is no longer the sign of forest wealth in Petén, Guatemala

A tropical-forestry consultant with a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, F. BRUCE LAMB has worked in Guatemala and Colombia and visited many other Hemisphere nations. Several of his articles have appeared in Natural History Magazine, Journal of Forestry, and The Caribbean Forester.





U.S. and UN foresters Eugene Reichard and Paavo Poyry pose before a huge sande tree in Colombian jungle

but there is still much to be learned through simple trial and error. The complexity of forest growth alone raises the production problem of how to use mixed stands of wood.

The Ford Motor Company pioneered in using a mixture of tropical woods when it was developing its rubber plantations in the Amazon basin during the 1920's. Big tracts of tropical jungle had to be cleared for settlement and planting, and to utilize the felled timber a large band mill with auxiliary equipment was installed at Fordlândia on the Tapajós River. But because of the extreme variety in the characteristics and quality of the wood, several trial shipments proved unacceptable on the New York market.

Yet this and other similar failures have not discouraged venture capital from continued attempts to establish profitable wood-using enterprises at the edge of the forests. Today successful operations, all by private concerns, are based largely on the use of one or two species that, like cativo and cuangare, are relatively abundant and appear in forests limited to only a few species.

On the Pacific coast of Colombia, Industria Forestal Colombiana has organized a thriving sawmill operation

based largely on cuangare (*Iryanthera juriensis*), which grows in almost pure stands in the swamp forests of that region. Mature cuangare trees have a round, slightly tapered, symmetrical trunk, which shoots up sixty or seventy feet to its lowest branches above the mass of tangled roots embedded in the swamp. The rough, reddish bark contains a gummy red sap that protects the logs from insect attack until they dry out. A market for this wood developed ten years ago, at the end of World War II, when a trial shipment to Germany was welcomed by the reviving wood-using industries, especially for rotary veneer.

Producing lumber from the logs rejected for export, Industria Forestal Colombiana began modestly enough with a small circular sawmill, set up at Tumaco to supply local lumber needs. Organized with the help of Mexican and U.S. technicians, it was financed by Colombian, Swedish, Mexican, and U.S. capital. Now it is shipping lumber to Colombian, Caribbean island, Central American, and U.S. Gulf Coast markets. Recently a big modern bandmill was installed, with accessory equipment such as edger, band resaw, and high-speed planing mill. Both a plywood plant and a chip-board plant are projected for the future.

Industria Forestal Colombiana also experiments with other woods from the mixed tropical forest growing on higher ground, such as sande (*Brosimum* sp.) and tulapuerta (unidentified). Sande is a large forest tree with a spreading crown that dominates everything around it. The huge cylindrical trunk, often six feet in diameter at the base, soars eighty to ninety feet to the first branch and is covered with a smooth grayish-white bark containing a milky latex. The creamy-yellow wood should prove as popular as other blond tropical woods—primavera from Central America, for example, or korina from Africa. Tulapuerta is characterized by a large, somewhat irregular trunk that rises fifty to sixty feet to the

Wood users are experimenting with lumber from mixed stands like this in jungle along road clearing in Magdalena Valley, Colombia





Dragging timber from swamp forest by barge with a double drum winch. Loggers must be tough to withstand rugged living conditions

first branches and is coated with scaly, yellowish bark. Its cocoa-brown wood is reported to be insect-resistant.

In Surinam, the Brunzeel Plywood Plant produces veneers and plywood solely from virola. *Virola surinamensis* is a tree that also rises above the forest canopy in swamps along the Atlantic coastal rivers in Central and South America. The wood is pale pink, lighter than Spanish cedar. Logs cannot be exported, for after cutting they are attacked by damaging insects and fungi. Because of its rapid deterioration, the wood had no commercial value until experiments proved its worth for plywood produced close to the log source.

Alto Tapajós, S.A., operating in the lower Amazon valley, is trying out the production of veneer from various tropical hardwoods for export. As with other wood products, manufacture near the source saves shipping costs on waste materials, lowering the price of the end product.

Compañía Maderera del Atrato has a band sawmill and box factory in Barranquilla, Colombia, with a large production program under way, based mainly on cativo (*Priaria copaiifera*). Like cuangare, cativo became commercially important only after World War II; its name, derived from the Italian word for "worthless," indicates how it was previously regarded. The cylindrical trunk of the cativo, which rises fifty to sixty feet to the lower limbs, is covered with a smooth whitish bark on young trees. As the tree matures, the bark becomes rough and scaly, and its sticky yellow resin attracts many kinds of insects. The publication of test data on the wood's characteristics by Professor Kynoch of the University of

Michigan and description of stands in publications of the Yale School of Forestry brought cativo to the attention of the wood-using industries. Heavy, nearly pure stands of this tree are easily accessible along the flood plains of many rivers from Costa Rica to Colombia, and a ready market has been developed for cativo veneer and plywood in Panama, Mexico, and the United States.

Still another plant, a plywood factory at Las Quebradas, Guatemala, has found uses for several Guatemalan woods that previously had little value and is now manufacturing veneer and plywood for the local market and for export.

Several sawmill, veneer, and plywood operations have sprung up since the war in the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico. At first they used mahogany (*Swietenia macrophylla*) and Spanish cedar (*Cedrela mexicana*), but they were forced to diversify as these woods became scarce. One of the most spectacular examples of jungle-taming to make the forest productive is the operation started by Alfredo Medina of Mexico at Colonia, Yucatan. From a small sawmill it mushroomed into a modern town with huge plants producing tons of plywood, school desks,



Colombians haul out mammoth cuangare trunk, raw material for the manufacture of veneer at the forest edge





Log pond at the Brunzeel Plywood Plant, Surinam, which makes plywood and veneer from the pale pink wood called virola

knock-down furniture, and prefabricated houses. Later Medina organized an airlift to fly provisions, water, even mules into the heart of the jungle and open up a remote production center at Zoh Laguna. This was no timber raid; he replanted the forest as he cut.

Logging operations are inevitably carried out under the most primitive conditions, demanding a durable breed of workmen and superintendents. In the cuangare swamps of Colombia, for example, the men work from boats, spending many of their working hours waist-deep in muck and returning at night to huts built on stilts in the swamp. Under such conditions, safe drinking water is hard to come by, and the workmen were delighted when I introduced them to the water vine, which grows throughout Central and South America and when whacked into sections furnishes a sweet drink to quench the thirst. Logging in the mahogany areas of Central America takes place during the dry season, often under choking dust conditions. Fire is a constant hazard, and there is scarcely enough water for brushing teeth, let alone a shower. Clearly, ingenuity is as necessary to these men as technical training.

At Colonia, Yucatan, worker morale hit a new low when the town was infested with snakes and several people were fatally bitten at night by the fer-de-lance. A Cuban friend of Alfredo Medina's suggested that geese would get rid of the snakes. Several pairs were brought in, and soon the workers and their families could attend the evening movies unmolested. Medina, in turn, passed the word along to a Venezuelan colleague.

Technicians from other areas, no matter how highly

trained, must be flexible enough to adapt to new and strange conditions that confront them in the tropical forests. A plywood technician, for instance, finds his customary glue mixtures and drying schedules entirely inadequate. If the technical books he has brought along do not yield the answer, he must develop new procedures on his own.

Despite the hazards, these operations form the nucleus for integrated forest industries using a wider variety of mixed tropical hardwoods than was ever thought possible. Fiberboard, chip board, and paper pulp are the most promising products from the standpoint of using all commercial-sized trees of any species as they grow in the tropical forest, rather than selective cutting of a few species. To make fiberboard, the wood is ground up, cooked, and pressed into large panels. For chip board the wood is cut into fine chips, then mixed with an adhesive and pressed into panels. While isolated plants are producing both products in Mexico and Colombia, they are not as yet integrated with other industries. A pilot

Below: The author inspects cuangare logs on the banks of the Chagui River, Pacific Coast Colombia



Below: Band sawmill and lumber yard in Barranquilla, Colombia, deals in cativio, a tropical wood once considered worthless





Cuangare lumber in the drying racks at Tumaco, Colombia

plant has been set up in Africa to experiment with the pulping of fifty mixed tropical hardwoods for paper production, and studies are now being carried out in tropical American forests to determine the feasibility of producing paper from raw materials there. Perhaps the ideal combination for the widest use of woods from the mixed forest would be integration of a sawmill with a prefabrication plant, producing materials cut to specified sizes for door frames, window frames, furniture, and so on; a veneer and plywood mill; chip-board and fiberboard plants; and a pulp mill. Such an industrial complex would require sound economic planning to protect the large capital investment necessary. The timber areas would have to be large enough to pay off the investment.

Author looks over mahogany seedlings started in bamboo pots for reforestation in Tumaco, Colombia



Location is still another consideration: the timber must be reasonably accessible to markets.

Meanwhile, we must develop tropical forest management techniques to keep pace with advancing production methods. Actually, little is known about this phase of the industry. It has not yet been determined whether it is better to convert the forest to a less complex pattern of growth of the more valuable species as the cutting proceeds or to try to maintain the natural mixture. Most cutting operations in the American tropics still aim at extracting a few widely scattered valuable species, leaving the forest relatively intact but without provision for reproducing the most valuable growing stock.

It is a widespread fallacy that land supporting rich tropical forest is also rich agricultural land. A tropical forest maintains its luxuriance by holding nutrients in a closed cycle between the vegetation and a thin top layer of the soil. When the land is cleared for agriculture, the cycle is broken; within a year the intense rays of the tropical sun and torrential rains destroy or carry away most of the plant nutrients. Crops fail, the land is abandoned, and worthless brush grows up, beginning the long process of restoring the land to its original cover of tropical forest. Perhaps eventually a solution to this can be worked out by combining agricultural and forestry programs, so that forest trees are planted before the land is abandoned. This is where the governments come in, with land use, classification, and forest surveys.

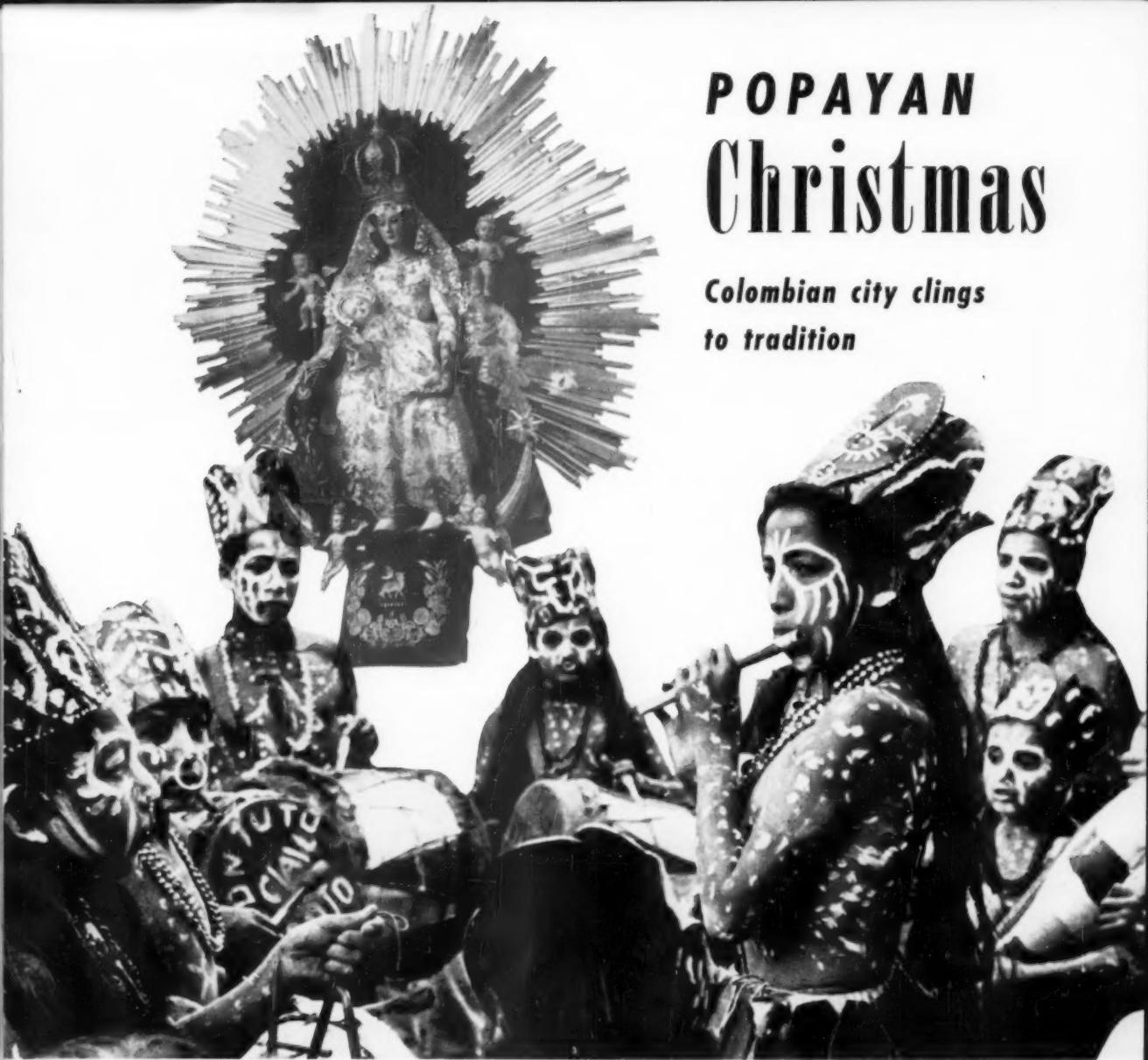
Some progress has been made with forestry management, notably at the U.S. Tropical Forest Experiment Station in Puerto Rico, at the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica, in the Tropical Section of the Mexican Forest Department in the Yucatan peninsula, and in the forestry departments of various other American countries with the aid of Point IV forestry technicians. An exchange of technical information on forestry problems is provided by the Sociedad Dasonómica de América Tropical, with headquarters in Cuba, and through such periodicals as *The Caribbean Forester*, published in Puerto Rico by the U.S. Forest Service; and *Tropical Woods*, published by the Yale School of Forestry. But the material in these publications does not always penetrate to the practical working level.

Tropical forestry training is available at the University of the Andes in Venezuela, the University of Medellin in Colombia, the National University at Bogotá, and at the forestry school in Chapingo, Mexico. Short training courses are held at the Tropical Forest Experiment station in Puerto Rico and at various places in Central America, organized by the Inter-American Institute. A few outstanding students receive scholarships for advanced forestry training at universities of North America and Europe, but in many cases their educational preparation is not used to best advantage due to a lack of government coordination.

None of these difficulties, though, should be allowed to deter the awakening forests. The factories that are springing up augur well for the economic future of tropical America. • • •

POPAYÁN Christmas

*Colombian city clings
to tradition*



Costumed Chirimía serenaders are Popayán holdover from the past. Above: Exquisite eighteenth-century image of Our Lady of Bethlehem

AT CHRISTMAS TIME in Popayán, the church is still far more important than the market place. The central thread of the birth of Christ has not been lost in the complex of local customs and Spanish traditions that make up the holiday celebrations. Deep in this paradisaic valley of the Colombian Andes all thirty-two thousand residents of the city participate in the month-long observance—and much of it is pure, unadulterated fun.

Families begin planning their *pesebres*, which are much like the Nativity Scenes or crèches in other parts of the Hemisphere, during the first weeks of December. Some *pesebres* are small, with only a few simple figures depicting the manger scene, but most are quite elaborate. A hundred or more pieces may occupy an entire room.

The figures may be carved, modeled in clay, or made of plaster, cloth, crude rubber, paper, or even plastic. The stable with the Holy Family inside is always the focal point, but the entire cast of Wise Men, angels, shepherds, sheep, and camels is usually present. In the large *pesebres* there are more scenes and more characters; the most ornate include little villages, bridges, hills, carts, roads, and people, all put together with imagination but sometimes with a happy disregard for scale or historical

ANDREW HUNTER WHITEFORD is director of the Logan Museum of Anthropology at Beloit College and head of the college anthropology department. *Ethnic Folkways* in New York has recently recorded some Chirimía music he picked up during his year's stay in Popayán.

consistency. Figurines from other parts of the world, exotic animals, models of historical personages or legendary heroes dot the miniature landscapes, which the children endlessly explore, finding birds hidden in tiny bushes and burros peeking from behind fences. Since these *pesebres* are family projects, everyone collects pieces for them, on visits to other countries, on vacations, or wherever they happen to be.

Moss is used to decorate the *pesebres*, and at about the same time the figures are taken from their storage places, women start selling it door-to-door. Many families go picnicking in the mountains and gather their own, plus lichens and small plants for additional color. Finally the eye-catching display is ready to serve as the focus for the whole celebration and to be admired by neighbors and friends.

The Christmas season officially opens on December 16 with the novena, the nine-day ritual that precedes the celebration of Christ's birth. Evenings young people gather at friends' homes for an observance that is a delightful combination of religious fervor and fiesta. They begin by singing three or four *villancicos*, the traditional Spanish carols, and then pray together at the *pesebre*. The devotion ends with one of the older members reading the special prayers for the novena. Fireworks are next on the program, and both parents and children adjourn to the street or patio to wave sparklers, shoot off Roman candles, and dodge exploding fire-crackers and whooshing rockets. When the noise has subsided and the children have been put to bed, the young people dance under the casual glances of their chaperones, until the fiesta ends with simple refreshments. Small parties are held throughout the novena, and people visit back and forth to watch the fireworks or stroll through the candle-lit churches and worship at the elaborate *pesebres*.

Groups of wandering minstrels called Chirimías, which today are popular only in Cauca Department, lend a distinctive note to the Popayán Christmas season. They herald the yuletide with a rumble of drums that rolls through the narrow, dimly lit streets and sets the children running toward the sound. The word *chirimía* actually refers to an ancient sort of oboe or flageolet, which was originally the solo instrument of these groups. It has been replaced by a *flauta de carrizo*, or cane flute, and the name has lingered on to designate the entire ensemble. Usually the flute is the only melodic instrument in the Chirimía, and its shrill, rollicking notes pierce a solid curtain of rhythm from three or four large wooden drums beaten on the head and sides, maracas, two or three triangles, and *guiros* or *carrascas*, large striated gourds that are rasped with sticks or bones.

Most Chirimía groups are made up of young boys who play in the streets for pennies. Often they are accompanied by a red-suited dancer in a devil mask with horns and a fearsome hooked nose. He carries a small bag to collect the coins, wields a whip, and chases the neighborhood children who taunt him through grilled windows or dart boldly from behind the impassive musicians to shout "Diablo, diablo" and rush away into



Rear view of old San Francisco Church. Religious theme maintains primary importance in Popayán yuletide celebration ...



... but parties and dancing are popular too, especially with the young people



the dark. Some adult Chirimías are rewarded with swigs of fiery *aguardiente* instead of pennies. Consequently, their music becomes more energetic and strident as the evening wears on. They usually end up morosely in front of some bar, trying dispiritedly to keep the flute player awake long enough for one last tune.

Special games, associated only with the yuletide, delight the children, though everyone joins in. These *aguinaldos*—literally, “Christmas gifts”—are stylized jokes with traditional names. To play *Pajita en Boca* (Straw in Mouth), for example, an uncle gives his small nephew a straw, which he is supposed to keep in his mouth until the day after Christmas. Whenever they happen to meet, the straw must be in evidence. The uncle will ask surprise questions, which must not be answered, and offer gifts, which must not be accepted. If the youngster can manage to pop the straw into his mouth the moment his uncle approaches, and if he is not caught off guard by a trick question or gift, he will end up with a prize. Otherwise, he will have to pay a forfeit, anything from a small coin to a piece of candy or perhaps a kiss.

The most exciting game of this kind—*aguinaldos gritados* or “shouted Christmas gifts”—is exclusively for adults. Dressed as ghosts, pirates, Indians, and the like, they split into two groups. One challenges the other to a night meeting on a certain street corner. At the appointed time, they cavort around for a while, then the leader of the challenged group tries to identify the opposing leader among the motley costumed figures under the street light. If he succeeds, the losers treat his team to a party; but if he fails, his group must stand host. How these jokes have come to be associated with the Christmas celebration I do not know, nor do I understand their significance—if any.

With Christmas Eve, or *Nochebuena*, comes the peak of the season. During the day families are busy with preparations for the evening and with the arrangement of special delicacies known as *dulces de Nochebuena* or simply *nochebuenos*, traditional Popayán concoctions artistically arranged on a glass or silver platter. In the center a large triangular cruller stands up like a golden sail, completely surrounded by ring crullers, pear-shaped fried sponge cakes called *bñuelos*, glistening squares of colored gelatine candy, small containers of blanc mange

Chirimías in typical rural costume. Fiber shoulder bags will probably swell with coins at end of day's musical meandering



or *ariquepe*, and brilliant-hued candied figs or orange peels filled with sweet syrup. As each tray is completed a servant delivers it to the home of a close friend with a brief greeting or simply the sender's calling card. For a while, these trays stand in the dining rooms as confectionary tokens of friendship, but as evening approaches, the children are allowed to nibble. *Nochebuenos* are also served during the ensuing festivities.

On Christmas Eve the streets are deserted until almost ten o'clock. Gradually they fill with crowds dressed in their holiday best. People meet in cafés or in friends' homes to share the holiday spirit before attending midnight Mass. Just before midnight the streets are empty again, but the many colonial churches are filled to overflowing. The mood is gay, for through the haze of incense that fogs the mellow candlelight the sound of the popular *bambucos* and *pasillos* floats over the throng. By tradition, secular musicians who usually play for dances and parties provide this pre-service music. At the stroke of twelve, bells throughout the city ring out rejoicingly, and the Mass celebrates the birth of the Holy Child.



Masked “diablo [devil]” dances with Chirimías, wards off teasing children with a whip, and collects pennies

At the end of the service, exuberance seizes the city as the crowds pour into the streets. The bands play the gay music of the folk dances again, the noise of the Chirimías rises above the hum of voices, the staccato brilliance of fireworks flares in every quarter, the church bells clang deafeningly, and men, women, and children warmly embrace relatives and friends and wish them “*Felices Pascuas*.” The central plaza fills with celebrants and the cafés do a rushing business; then the throngs begin to thin out again.

This is a time for presents and family dinners. Almost

everyone finds his way to a relative's home, where he joins with cousins and brothers and sisters in the most exciting part of the Christmas celebration. Toys for the children are carefully placed beside the *pesebre*, as gifts from the Baby Jesus. Once everything is in order, the little ones are awakened—if indeed they have slept at all—and everyone watches them open their presents and whirl in a daze of holiday joy. For at least some of the boys, part of their happiness arises from relief in finding that *El Niño Dios* has not left charcoal as punishment for their misdeeds of the past year.

Adults, especially relatives, exchange gifts, if they did not pass them out before going to Mass. After the youngsters have gone to bed, the rest of the family gathers round the table for the Christmas feast. In many homes, the main course is a special soup or stew, *sancocho*, made with chicken or some other delicacy. In the wealthier homes the pièce de résistance is the traditional *lechón*, a whole roast pig stuffed with rice dressing and surrounded by cooked fruits that are both decorative and tasty. Bowls of salad and fruit and platters of bread and rolls make the rounds. Everyone stuffs himself, while conversation and laughter sweep back and forth across the long table. There are pitchers of coffee and rich, dark chocolate. Anyone who takes chocolate stirs in generous spoonfuls of fresh white cheese until a froth rises and the liquid becomes thick and creamy. Cakes and *buñuelos*, mostly from the *nochebuenos*, go with this liquid refreshment.

After dinner, the oldsters linger at the table to chat, but the younger members sing and dance until the first morning light haloes the mountains. As the party breaks up, friends part with Christmas wishes. The sons and daughters of the house kneel briefly before their parents to receive their blessings for the holiday season. Now the streets of Popayán are quiet. People hurry homeward, glancing only casually at each other, at the tired Chirimía in front of a bar, or at the occasional reveler whose Christmas spirits have caught up with them in a quiet doorway or on the hard, cold sidewalk.

Christmas Day is usually quiet, since the long celebration has left almost everyone exhausted. In some homes the children wake in the morning to find presents from their parents hidden under their beds or in the covers. These usually keep them occupied while the rest of the family sleeps until midday or after. Sometimes their nurses take them to the edge of town to join the parade of children to the Church of Belén, high on a hilltop. Every Christmas Day youngsters from the surrounding countryside parade with noisemakers and balloons up the zig-zag path to the Belén *pesebre*. In the late afternoon some people go visiting, others read the special holiday editions of the newspapers, and some of the more opulent attend a club tea dance. The day passes slowly and serenely, except for the occasional sound of a passing Chirimía.

But Christmas is not over. Three days later festivities break out again on the Day of the Holy Innocents to celebrate the escape of the Holy Family after Herod's order to slaughter all newborn infants. It is a real April

Fool's Day, with exploding cigars, hoax editions of the newspapers, crazy announcements on the radio, and practical jokes on every hand. When someone is tricked, the perpetrator shouts "*Pase por inocente* [The joke's on you]," and everyone, including the victim, howls with laughter. Adults finish the day with dancing in the bars or a costume party at a club.

January 5 and 6 mark the end of the Christmas season with the nearest approach to a Mardi Gras Popayán can muster. The fifth is the Day of the Black Kings and the sixth is known variously as Day of the White Kings, the Feast of the Magi, or the Epiphany, which commemorates the arrival of the Kings of the Orient to present their gifts to the Christ Child. Previously, this was the regular time for exchanging gifts, rather than Christmas Day. Even now, the lucky children receive another round of presents.

On the Day of the Black Kings little boys decorate their faces with fierce, black-shoe-polish mustachios and goatees, chase the squealing girls with grimy hands, and casually lay black handprints on innocent passers-by. In the afternoon and evening, the bigger boys chase the bigger girls, many people wear masks and costumes in the streets, and groups ride around in trucks singing and throwing confetti and paper *serpentinas* at pedestrians. The Chirimías add their drums to the noise, and there is drinking and dancing in the bars or, in slightly more sedate style, at one of the three clubs.

Next morning the color emphasis changes from black to white. Instead of using shoe polish, the boys chase the girls with white powder. Decorated trucks and cars filled with young people go through the streets flinging cornstarch or flour on everyone they pass, the Chirimías with their dancing Diablos make their final appearance of the year, and the *aguardiente* flows freely throughout the day and on into the evening until utter fatigue brings everything to a halt.

Not long ago the Epiphany celebration was much more closely linked to the Christmas story by colorful parades that featured the magnificently arrayed Kings, followed by their fantastic retinue, as they traveled to visit the Child. The dramatic, sacred elements of these showy pageants were gradually submerged under a welter of local political animosities. The parades became unruly mobs that fought as they passed each other. Finally, city authorities banned them, and nothing is left of the Feast of the Magi but mischief, drinking, some partying, and poignant memories of a grand carouse.

Of course, outside influences have crept into the Popayán Christmas celebration. Strings of colored lights adorn some *pesebres*, and Santa Claus cutouts, distributed by U.S. or European manufacturers, are displayed in a few store windows. Christmas trees and Santa Claus made their first appearance in Popayán only twelve years ago. In time they will probably be grafted onto the prevailing traditions, although they have met with considerable resistance. For now, Christmas in Popayán is still primarily a sacred celebration that, despite the extraneous elements that have become a part of it, has not been commercialized. ♦ ♦ ♦



gowns by ESTEVEZ

KATHLEEN WALKER

CUBA'S BOON to the textile industry is a blond, slender young man of twenty-six who has been making headlines in the United States and has just won the coveted "Winnie," the Fashion Critics' Award that goes each year to the outstanding clothes designer in a country where fashion is big business. Havana-born Luis Estévez describes his formula quite simply: "I strive for high style at medium prices." The success of his efforts is evident in the growing number of his feminine followers from age twenty to sixty who are acquiring the sophisticated apparel that bears his label. As a *Life* article about the young Cuban designer explained last March, in the short time that Estévez had been turning out full collections (less than a year at that writing), more than three million dollars were paid out for his clothes in nine hundred U.S. stores. *McCall's*, which featured the Cuban as a "new name in American fashion," called him "something of a prodigy."

In October, Estévez appeared in person at the Cuban

Cuban Ambassador Miguel Angel Campa greets Luis Estévez at Embassy fashion benefit featuring his creations



Estévez specializes in evening and cocktail dresses, simply cut with dramatic necklines



Panamanian model Carlota Savarese, formerly of PAU staff, says Estévez dresses are reasonable, range from \$50 to \$175

Embassy in Washington as commentator at a special showing of his fall collection, given for the benefit of the Loyola Retreat House of Georgetown University. There, in the elaborate rooms of one of the few Washington embassies designed as such (it is copied after an old Italian palace), models paraded his dramatic "La Espanola" gowns, the result of a recent visit in Spain. His creations are almost starkly simple, without bangles, belts, buttons, buckles, or other fancy ornamentation. He goes in for vivid hues or black-and-white rather than pastels, achieving his effects through skillful cutting and by combining strong colors such as blue and green. Besides dresses, he designs hats, shoes, fabrics, costume jewelry, and—his newest feature—men's ties.

Estévez is proud of his descent from Spanish nobility (one of his ancestors was an eighteenth-century viceroy in Mexico, Count Bernardo de Gálvez). The young de-



Blue-and-black paisley cotton, worn also by ambassador's daughter who was benefit hostess. Estévez donated another gown as door prize

signer attended a Jesuit school in the Cuban capital, later studied architecture at the University of Havana. In 1950, while in New York on a summer vacation (his father's sisters married U.S. citizens), he landed a job as fashion coordinator in the Fifth Avenue store Lord & Taylor. His work there on decorating displays gave him his start in the field of fashion. Two years later he was in Paris working for Jean Patou, bringing in Cubans and other Spanish American customers for the name designer. Mildred Kaldor, publicity agent for some of the U.S. fashion houses, discovered him there and introduced him to a garment manufacturer, who offered him a fabulous contract to design for him in New York.

"Up to that time I never knew a bias from a straight," Estévez admits. "I had styled dresses but never had charge of cutting them. The arrangement proved profitable for both of us. I began to learn of the world of



To help publicity agents Estévez collections bear titles like "Cuban Holiday." "La Española" gowns are named for Spanish ladies

Seventh Avenue."

Now Estévez has two partners and operates under the firm name of Grenelle. Before his latest prize, he received two other major fashion awards: the Sunshine (in Miami) and the Gold Coast (in Chicago). He diligently avoids copying the French couturier, feels that it is important for designers to use what they have at hand. "U.S. women," he says, "are no longer limited to the sportswear look. Now the Europeans are beginning to copy the little black suits and cocktail sheaths that are the hallmark of U.S. fashion." He considers one of the highest compliments ever paid his work the fact that the editor of a leading U.S. fashion magazine selected one of his costumes to wear this year at the Paris opening.

Estévez' wife Betty, a former model, is Australian Prime Minister Robert Menzies' grandniece, born in Nassau of a Scotch mother. Though the couple lives in



Sheer red wool, accented with costume jewelry, which Estévez designs for those who cannot afford the real thing

New York, they are building a "retreat" in Acapulco overlooking the bay. Designed by Estévez, as are the Havana homes of several of his Cuban relatives, the house is, as he describes it, "very open, all terrace, with a curved swimming pool; built of white tile and the local colored stones, with a hemp roof." Architecture, instead of his profession, has become a hobby. It is with an architect's eye for beauty of line that he, as one model put it, "brings out the best in a woman."

Estévez will soon begin to manufacture in Cuba and Mexico, using Cuban cottons and Mexican wools. Eventually he hopes to expand still further into Venezuela, Brazil, and perhaps other countries below the border. He seems eager to acknowledge his Latin heritage. "The United States has its great name in fashion with Traina Norell," he says. "I want to be identified with Latin America." ♦ ♦ ♦



Historical marker on Tangier. Methodist Church in background

forgotten island

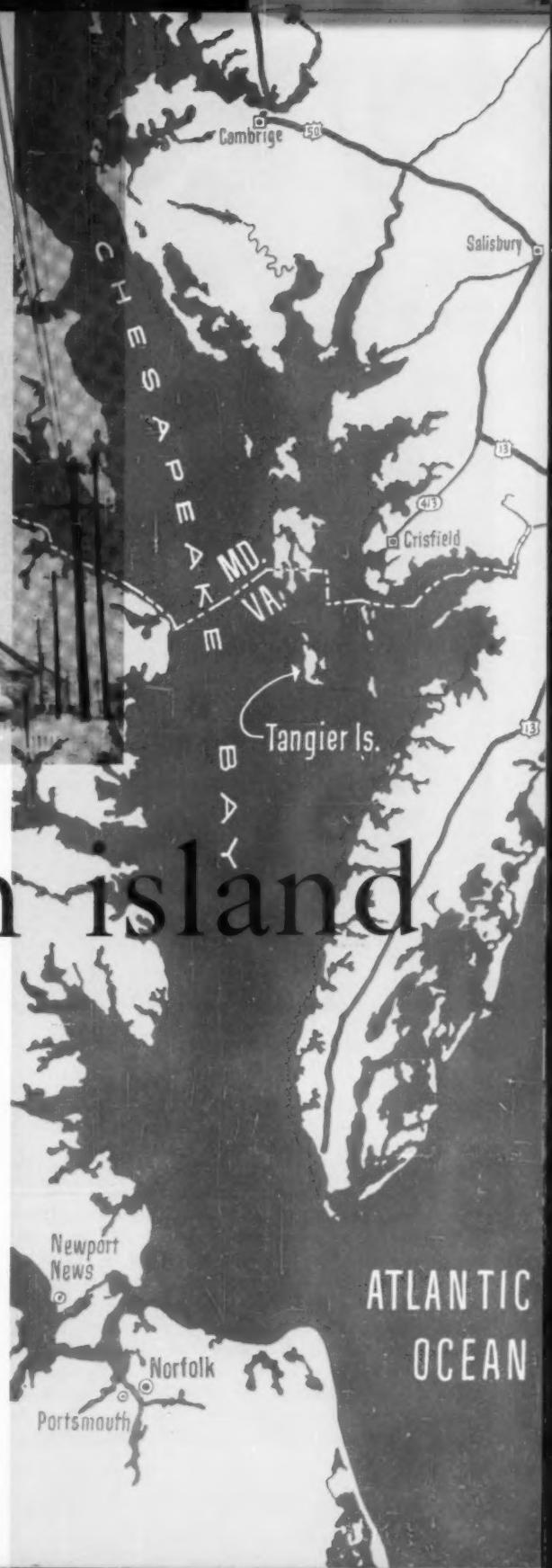
TANGIER IN THE CHESAPEAKE

WALLACE B. ALIG

EVERY SO OFTEN you hear of a U.S. community that has failed to keep pace with the rest of the country and still preserves the picturesque traditions and behavior of the past. Harlan, Kentucky, is one. The Hatfields and the McCoys are still said to be feuding in those parts, and anyone passing through can expect to find himself in the midst of a genuine vendetta against a background of snuff-dipping mountaineers who make potent whiskey in illicit stills. Tangier Island, Virginia, is another. "It's a mysterious place," I was told. "A fishing community. No automobiles allowed. The people have British accents and speak an Old English dialect. They're deeply religious and unfriendly to strangers. Some carry guns."

I had visited Harlan and been disillusioned. Not a

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single shot ricocheted down the main street as I drove cautiously through town. There were no Li'l Abners. The Hatfields and the McCoys and the like, far from the reckless mountain boys I had expected, were desperately poor, sad-faced miners suffering from the physical, social, and economic ills of their trade. Gun-toting, if any, was no more significant than it is in our large cities. As for illicit stills, no doubt a few exist back in the hills, but they are shoddy affairs, often producing a lethal brew, without the color and humor conveyed by the stories and legends.

And what about Tangier Island? I decided to have another go at seeing whether one of these legendary communities could actually live up to its reputation. Not entirely, I discovered, but I found a fascinating study in isolation and neglect.

The island lies some twelve miles southwest of Crisfield on Maryland's Eastern Shore, deep in the Chesapeake Bay near the mouth of the Potomac River. To get there I drove one hundred and seventy miles from Washington across the Bay Bridge and down the lonely Delmarva Peninsula to Crisfield, where I was told I could find a boat to take me over.

Strictly Cannery Row, with bluff and jovial characters and a dingy waterfront, Crisfield is a town of dark, old warehouses with broken windows, noisy saloons, dirty streets, and the aroma of fish over everything. I half expected to bump into John Steinbeck. A faded sign on its outskirts announced that it is "The Seafood Capital of America."

Crisfield is both a blessing and a curse to Tangier. Since Eastern Shore Virginia has neither adequate harbor facilities for the island's boats nor processing plants for its lone industry, fishing, the Maryland town receives all of Tangier's business and trade, giving rise to a prevailing sentiment that Tangier is Virginia's unwanted

child. There is an underlying conviction that neither the state nor Accomack County, of which the island is a part, is concerned with its welfare, although statistics on paper are produced by local politicians as evidence to the contrary. An unhealthy rivalry between Virginia and Maryland is also fostered by reports that the Old Dominion State does not enforce the fishing laws in the Tangier area, permitting Marylanders to dip over the state line to plunder oysters and crabs. When a Maryland fisherman was shot in Virginia waters several years ago, it was generally accepted as proof of the legend—and I found it was only a legend—that Tangiermen carry guns.

"You missed the mail boat three hours ago," a dock-hand advised me when I told him where I was bound. A motor vessel, the *Doralena II*, carries passengers, for fifty cents each way, and mail daily except Sunday between the island and the mainland. "Won't be another till Monday. Why don't you go up to the hotel and see Charlie Crockett? He's from Tangier. Maybe he can help you out."

Mr. Crockett, a tall, curly-headed, affable man, I discovered, was the proprietor and general factotum of the Hotel Crisfield, a scrupulously clean and comfortable, albeit plain, establishment. Ads for fishing and duck hunting parties were posted on the walls and decoys were offered for sale. The oppressive summer heat was cooled slightly by lazily moving electric fans. Mr. Crockett offered to call Tangier for a boat—it has radio-telephone service like the islands in the Outer Hebrides. "Cost you thirty dollars to have him come over here and take you back," he said, referring to some unidentified skipper. "Or you can spend the night here. I've got a nice room for five dollars, and you can slip a couple of bucks to someone who'll be going over tomorrow anyway to take you along."

Bay waters reach almost to doorsteps. Note television antennas





Vaults of front-yard graves are built partly above ground because of high water table

Resigned to waiting overnight, I bought a Baltimore paper and retired to the bar, which also serves as the Hotel Crisfield's lunch room. All the windows were open, and you could hear the put-put of a distant motor boat. In the street outside, two girls in an open convertible drove up and down greeting youths walking by wearing T-shirts and blue jeans. A fly buzzed. Mr. Crockett was polishing glasses. "If you're from Tangier," I said, laying the paper down, "what can you tell me about the place?"

In reply, he reached under the bar and pulled out a battered blue loose-leaf notebook. "Read this," he said, opening it and handing it to me. "My sister Virginia wrote it. She knows all about the place. You won't find all this stuff in history books. Not much written about Tangier. Takes someone who lives there to tell about it. Of course, she doesn't live there any more. Lives here in town, but she put this together for her high school graduation paper back in 1936."

"In June, 1608," wrote Virginia Crockett, "during his exploration of the Chesapeake Bay . . . , Captain John Smith discovered . . . Tangier Island." He must have found something there reminiscent of his adventures among the Turks, which prompted him to name it Tangier after the seaport town in North Africa. Perhaps it was the clay pottery fashioned by the Pocomoke Indians, Miss Crockett suggested, because the name Tangier as applied to the North African international zone is a misnomer. The natives there call it Tanja, the name of a little clay vessel for cooking. Early English, French, and Spanish geographers apparently twisted Tanja to Tangier to make it conform with Algiers. During his visit to Tangier Island, she concluded, Smith

must have seen the Indians' clay pottery and recalled similar work done by the Turks after they captured him in battle and made him a prisoner.

"What do you think of that?" Mr. Crockett asked after noticing my evident interest. "I think Virginia did a real fine job." I seemed to recall that the African Tangier had been named for a fruit or vice versa. Its inhabitants, in fact, are called Tangerines, but origins of place names are often manifold and conflicting, so I said nothing. Miss Crockett's version appeared as reasonable as any.

I continued to thumb through the book. "Tradition informs us," I read, "the island was purchased from the Pocomoke Indians for two overcoats . . . and granted to one Ambrose White in 1670 by King Charles II. It was settled in 1686 by John Crockett, who with his eight sons and their families came . . . from the mainland of Virginia. Today practically one third of the island's [one thousand] inhabitants, descendants of the original settlers, bear the surname of Crockett, with the family names of Parks and Lewis running close seconds."

Calling to Mr. Crockett, I said, "You're not related to Davy Crockett, are you? I know he's supposed to come from Tennessee, but I understand there are quite



Wheel barrows are commonly used for freight transportation along island's narrow lanes

a few of his descendants in Virginia."

"No, sir," he replied with the tolerant smile of a man accustomed to answering the same question many times, "we don't claim any relationship."

I went back to my reading. "There are no foreigners or Negroes on the island today," she wrote, something I found still true. "The residents are all English-speaking and represent a type of the purest English stock now . . . in the United States, . . . Few are aware . . . that they

speak . . . English reminiscent of the Chaucerian period. . . . When the United States was colonized, the language spoken was . . . precisely the same as that spoken in England. Differences have developed, however, since that time. . . ."

"Say something," I said to Mr. Crockett. "I want to hear your British accent." In reply, he laughed. If I had met him on Regent Street, I would have put him down immediately as a U.S. Southerner. Actually, I was



Bridges over inlets are picturesque but rickety and dangerous, roads are unpaved

to learn during my visit to Tangier Island that there are faint traces—very faint, but unmistakable—of an old form of English spoken there, but you have to strain for them. There's no talley-ho, or pip pip, don't y'know. But there's something of the cockney in the way some call the mail boat the "myle boat," sick persons are described as "poorly" or "with no health" in them, and so on. Similar speech extends as far south as the Outer Banks of North Carolina, perhaps even farther.

Miss Crockett devoted considerable space to the little-known activities of Joshua Thomas (1776-1853), recorded by Adam Wallace in 1861 in his book *The Parson of the Islands*, a copy of which I dug up in the Library of Congress upon my return to Washington. A Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, is Tangier's local hero, cast in a mold that would have made him a national figure, had psychological warfare as we know it now been fully appreciated in his day. During the War of 1812, British forces occupied Tangier Island for a couple of years. "The first we knew of [them]" wrote Thomas, "was the report of their guns firing down the bay. . . . Soon after we saw about fifty men in full uniform, with their weapons of war, land on the beach. . . ." The invaders were cooperative, it turned out. They made the islanders prisoners, but respected their rights and privileges, although they took cattle, sheep, and hogs, paying "such prices as they saw proper." They also disciplined one of their own men for disobeying an order to conserve local timber. Two forts were built, tents were pitched around a camp ground, and a summer house was erected in the center. The soldiers were apparently much on edge, because Mr. Thomas noted one day that they reported hearing angels singing.

Then, in September 1814, the islanders noticed a flurry of military activity as the troops made ready to attack Baltimore. One dark night the Tangiermen crept down to the harbor and scuttled all of their fishing boats to thwart British plans for their use. Before the soldiers embarked, Mr. Thomas was requested to offer prayers on their behalf. Twelve thousand men lined up on the camp ground. "I told them," he later reported, "it was given me from the Almighty that they could not take



School children walk down the quiet main street of Tangier town. Island's birth rate is increasing, population is not

Baltimore, and would not succeed in their expedition." Several men stepped up and thanked him for the warning. It is interesting to wonder what precise effect his bold speech had on the morale of the British. They pulled anchor, sailed up the bay, attacked Baltimore, and were roundly trounced. At the height of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key, a lawyer and volunteer in a U.S. light artillery company, wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner* (which, incidentally, officially became the U.S. national anthem only as recently as 1931) aboard one of the enemy vessels where he had been detained seeking the release of a friend who had been taken prisoner. After their defeat, the British returned to Tangier. Mr. Thomas wrote that the first officers to whom he spoke told him, "It turned out just as you [said] . . . ; we have had a bloody battle, and all the time we were fighting we thought of you, and what you told us. . . ."

Sunday morning an obliging Tangierman picked me up in a motor launch at the Crisfield pier, and we set out under a blazing sun over the dull, opaque waters of the Bay. After an uneventful run of about an hour, the trees and housetops of Tangier, dominated by the spire of the Methodist Church, rose up gray and lackluster on the horizon. In fact, Tangier turned out to be a very pallid place, a kind of Dixie version of Maine or New Hampshire, flat, without rocks or surf. Edith Wharton might have been at home here except that Ethan Frome would have had a southern drawl. About five miles long and one mile wide, its swampy land never rises more than two or three feet above sea level. Shiny white fishing boats dotted the harbor. A party of swells from Annapolis were enjoying lunch-time cocktails on the

after deck of a sleek cruiser moored to a piling. A few fishermen were inspecting their crab floats set in shallow water along the shore. These are oblong, box-like contraptions, I remembered from Virginia Crockett's report, built with laths to allow a flow of water while the captive crustaceans inside shed their shells in order to become the local delicacy, soft-shell crab. In season, about two hundred and fifty barrels of hard-shell crabs are taken daily, five hundred boxes of soft-shell, and three hundred and fifty bushels of oysters.

As I stepped ashore, I noticed that the pier and the streets beyond were curiously empty. It was rather like boarding a deserted ship in mid-ocean. Then I heard a voice from afar, commanding and metallic. As I followed the sound through lanes and alleys, the words became louder, more audible, and coherent. Spoken over a public-address system for the benefit of everyone within range, they involved the sin of drink, although there is relatively little alcoholism on Tangier. They came from the Methodist Church, where, through an open window, I became conscious of the stirrings of a multitude within. Five services, each attended by virtually the entire populous, are held every Sunday. The lengthy sermons, delivered by the Reverend Oscar J. Rishel, the island's principal religious and civic leader, are the main topic of conversation for the rest of the week. Sunday evenings, the islanders gather again, each to deliver a little sermon on a topic of his own choosing.

Tangier town is a neat collection of ageless clapboard houses built around an ellipse with a swamp in the center crossed by several rickety wooden bridges. The streets never exceed eight feet in width; many are narrower. Most are dirt surfaced and become impassable after a heavy rain. The minister, Mr. Rishel, negotiates the tiny thoroughfares in a Crosley, the only car on the island. Other Tangiermen ride bicycles and carry freight

Tangier waterfront. Seafood, the island's one product, has to be taken to Crisfield, Maryland, for canning



Motorbikes power the heavy trucking fleet. Lone automobile on island is minister's Crosley

on motor bikes with platforms built on their fronts. Most citizens just walk. On the treeless west, and near the harbor, new-style houses with television antennas on their roofs broil in the hot summer sun. On the east, stately maples on both sides of the paved main street shade the older houses, surrounded by neat picket fences, which in many cases enclose tombstones in front and side yards.

Burial in the front yard is a sore point at Tangier. A passer-by grumbled as I aimed my camera at a clump of tombstones. Another glared. The local doctor, a man of some eighty years, said firmly, "We don't take pictures like that here." When I questioned a friendly source, I learned that many residents feel outsiders regard the unusual burials as backward and a cause for merriment. According to Virginia Crockett, however, burying the dead in the front yard "originated on the large southern plantations of colonial days. Due to poor roads . . . , loved ones were buried not in the distant churchyard . . . but on a part of the plantation, . . . where the graves received the best care. . . . As the Indians would often disinter the dead as an indication of their contempt and hatred for the whites, the burying grounds were usually within the sight of the colonial homestead. . . . Also because acreage per family is limited, the ground occupied by Tangier houses is scarcely the space covered by two small city dwellings, and the family burying ground through necessity . . . occupied the front yard."

In general, the citizens of Tangier are hospitable and friendly, especially the men, who dress simply and chat easily and informally. Proportionately, the island provided more servicemen for World War II than any other Virginia community. The women tend to keep to themselves. Some of their faces would have provided suitable subjects for the brush of the late Grant Wood. Many wear sunbonnets as protection from the fierce sun. Others carry gaily colored parasols reminiscent of some of the paintings by the French impressionists. House-

keeping and children occupy their days, to the dismay of some citizens who feel they have too much time on their hands. A shirt factory, which employed many women and provided an important additional means of income, burned down some years back and was not rebuilt. Tangier has no fire department.

There are some twelve shops of the general-store type, a movie house that functions irregularly, a seldom-used jail, and a hotel, or rather pension, The Chesapeake House. Many dwellings are without electricity, although the island enjoys a rural cooperative electrification service for those who choose to avail themselves of it. Plumbing is as scarce as in some parts, of say, the British West Indies, which Tangier somewhat resembles under cover of darkness on soft, summer nights. There is no sewage disposal system; ugly dumps are scattered here and there. The local school, with grades through the secondary level, has two privies for two hundred and fifty



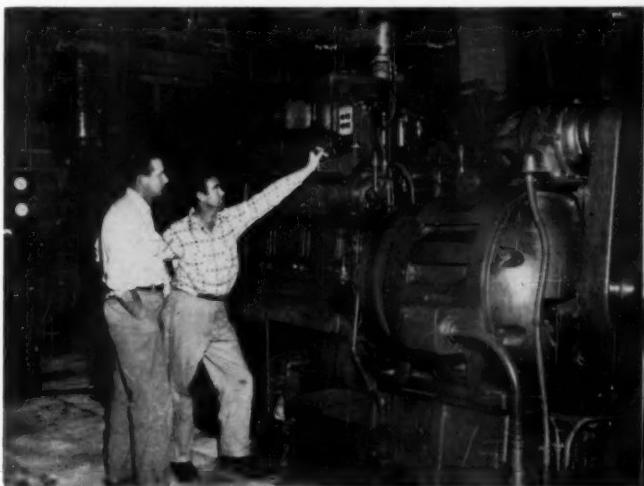
When this photo was made in 1954, home-economics classroom in crowded school doubled as library

pupils. The elderly doctor, who advised me that "alcohol is non-fattening" and described calories as "new fangled," exacts a given monthly sum from each family in return for his services. Of late, he has been ill himself and in a mainland hospital—Tangier has none, not even a dispensary worthy of the name. Only after a long quest has a young doctor at last been found to take his place. Dr. Mikio Kato has agreed to serve at least a year on the island but is still awaiting readmission from Japan. About thirty babies are born annually, but while the birth rate is increasing, the population is not. In emergency cases, patients must be transported by fishing boat to Crisfield, provided, of course, the weather is good. Fatalities are considerable. When the parson suffered a heart attack two years ago, it took twelve days to bring a physician to see him. There is no dentist, and water is provided only by a few shallow wells. Arthritis flourishes. The town is alive with flies, mosquitoes, and other insects.

Tangier has a champion, however, in hardworking Oscar Rishel, who, together with Edgar J. Fisher, Jr.,

Director of the Virginia Council on Health and Medical Care, provided me with many of the facts recorded here. Despite his illness, Mr. Rishel, through personal contact and talks, has boldly stirred in his islanders the desire to better their lot. Some see in him a latter-day Joshua Thomas. He was responsible for a visit to Tangier in 1954 by Mr. Fisher and State Health Commissioner Mack I. Shanholtz. When Governor Thomas B. Stanley came to the island last year, Mr. Rishel and a group of representative citizens presented a petition dealing with local problems and urging reseeding of the area with oyster stock, legislation permitting dredging for oysters instead of tonging, in order to increase production, and enforcement of the fishing laws. Above all, Tangier asked for a modern medical center, improvement of roads, and repair of bridges. Also suggested was dredging the harbor to increase anchorage and allow entry of larger boats.

Some subsequent developments have held out promise,



Generator for electric co-op is one of the few pieces of modern machinery in service on Tangier

but not much. Mr. Rishel reports the county health officer, Dr. W. C. Fritz, has held a number of clinics on the island (preschool, polio, and the like). The Golden Cross, which finances medical assistance as an affiliate of the Virginia Methodist Conference, has pledged \$6,000 to help the town build the long-desired health center. The school last year got a new "multi-purpose room"—a combination gymnasium, auditorium, and cafeteria—described as the first of its kind in the county. The State Highway Department has done some "stabilizing" of roads with sand and gravel, but residents complain it just impedes pedestrian and vehicular traffic. Periodically they bring up the idea of putting a seafood-processing plant on the island to handle their own catch, but that hinges on a water system, and at last report that was still considered too expensive.

Only the future will tell whether Tangier will enjoy the comforts and privileges of modern life or be left isolated and neglected, a backwater not without a certain charm, swallowed up by legend and time. * * *

IN RURAL BOLIVIA

INDIANS TAKE TO SCHOOL

TORIBIO CLAURE

Photographs by Alberto Tardio Maida

ARE BOLIVIA'S RURAL SCHOOLS really educating the country's Indians? The results of education are often dishearteningly slow to appear. Or they may shine forth for a moment and then fade without trace. Where the school is still a new, unaccustomed force, struggling to bring knowledge, enthusiasm, and a spirit of cooperation to poverty-ridden, neglected people who have long lived in ignorance and fear in the vast rural areas of an underdeveloped country, tenacious effort verging on inspired

Enfermo (A Sick People), said of him: "His character has the hardness and dryness of the desert. Also it is full of contrasts, for he is . . . rancorous, egotistical, cruel, vengeful, and distrustful when he hates, submissive and affectionate when he loves. He lacks will power and is profoundly indifferent to anything alien to his way of life. He is a sociable creature when among his own kind; away from home he is reserved and sullen. Absolute misery, complete abandon, reign in his house. In the



Rural normal school in Indian community of Warisata, Bolivia. Mountain in background is Illampu

madness is required. But the flashes of new understanding and progress we see today in the schools or in daily home and community life sustain our faith in the educational process, in books, and in the teacher.

Only fifty years ago, the Bolivian Indian was considered a barbaric creature irrevocably consigned to that shadowy realm of ignorance in which men stiffen, degenerate, and die. Alcides Arguedas, in his book *Pueblo*

Indian's home there is nothing but filth, and it is a miserable, tiny hut made of mud and stones with a thatch roof. Within this murky and slovenly room a whole family lives, taking shelter at night on the bare earth floor or on worm-eaten sheepskins. . . . The presence of the white man makes him suffer, and he remains cold, impenetrable, distant. . . . He must know him well to like him."

The Indian's life, as pictured by Arguedas, was crude; but the description was accurate, and those conditions lasted, in large measure, until very recently.

Today rural educators in this part of America are

TORIBIO CLAURE, professor and author of two books on education, and ALBERTO TARDÍO MAIDA, an audiovisual expert, are co-workers in the joint Bolivian-U.S. inter-American education service popularly known as SCIDE.



Pedro Rojas, now about one hundred years old, brought first school to Aymaras

observing a slow transformation—very slow, but visible in the attitudes of the Indians. The Indian is changing, almost while we watch, from the reactionary conservative Arguedas so vividly described. He is moving from submission toward the fundamental motivations of freedom; from his age-old withdrawal and indifference toward promising expressions of individual initiative and still-rudimentary manifestations of sociability, solidarity, and cooperation.

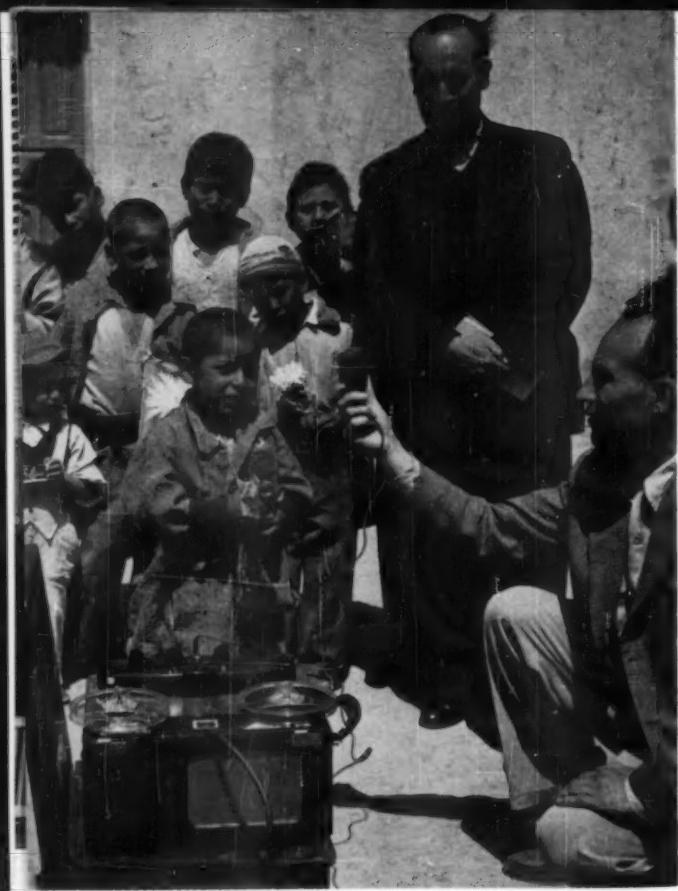
Mothers and little children come to see what is going on at the rural schools of SCIDE, the joint Bolivian-

U.S. Inter-American Cooperative Educational Service. Doing so, they betray a healthy curiosity that they would not have shown twenty years ago. Indeed, they could not, because there was no such cultural center to draw them. The friendliness of the youngsters toward their teachers, their eager interest in all the new things they discover, their thorough enjoyment of the chance to draw or paint or embroider their own vision of the world about them show us time and again that children are the same everywhere; all they need is opportunity. The practical lessons they learn about gardening or protecting the water supply filter back to their families and bring a better diet and healthier homes. The skills of sewing or weaving they acquire will one day mean the countryside has the craftsmen to provide shoes and better clothes, and rugs and blankets to trade for necessities.

These new aspirations and opportunities are sharply mirrored in the faces Alberto Tardío has captured in the accompanying photographs. One face in particular sums up the whole history of the movement to bring the light of knowledge to the strong but long-oppressed race that still peoples Bolivia's bleak plateau as it did before the white man ever scaled it. Look well at the features of Pedro Rojas. Now somewhere around a hundred, he was for many years a strong leader of the Aymara



Student teachers at Warisata Normal School perch on wall to do their homework



With tape recorder, teacher captures farm boy's rendering of regional song, encourages him as performer

At Llica Nuclear School in Potosí Department boys learn to weave rugs. Practical training is also given in gardening, sewing



Opportunity for self-expression is key to new, confident attitude of Bolivian Indians

Josefina Poma of Warisata learns to read along with her children. SCIDE education service published beginning reader Compá Conejo



Indians of the altiplano. Long ago, fearful of the encroachment of big landowners, he went with an Aymara delegation to Sucre, then the capital, to seek title to their people's land. They were told they could have title when they learned to read and write. This seemed an empty promise, but there was one man in the region who was literate, and with him as teacher they started a school in a small chapel. It was hard to keep a teacher in the Indian community, and the program died out under opposition from the townspeople. But in 1931 a teacher named Elizardo Pérez came to the Indian center of Warisata in search of a school. He was warmly welcomed, and brought three more teachers. The men made adobe bricks and built themselves a school, and Pedro Rojas, who had a good herd of cattle, guaranteed payment to the La Paz factories for the necessary wood and tile so they would sell to the Indians.

Warisata was not a compact village but a series of scattered zones, and various people provided land for school buildings in different parts. Based on their experience in administration of their own communities, the Aymaras felt that a group of schools governed by one central school would be an effective unit, so they formed the Warisata *núcleo escolar campesino*. After the Chaco War, the government copied the idea as the pattern for the national rural school system. Later Peru, Ecuador, and Honduras adopted the same administrative set-up for their rural schools.

But the new Bolivian schools were lodged in huts, without equipment, and had teachers with little education themselves. In the early 1940's the men of Warisata decided to found a rural normal school to train better teachers. It accepted those who had completed the six-year course of a central school. Most of the first students

were local Aymara men, but today the Warisata Rural Normal School draws candidates from all over the country. At the start, the traditional technique of lectures by the teachers and memorization by the students was used, with no relation to the problems the new teachers would have to face. Still, it offered more training than had been available before.

In 1949, as part of the joint Bolivian-U.S. SCIDE program that had begun in 1944, the Warisata Normal School became a pilot project to demonstrate up-to-date methods of training rural teachers. U.S. specialists in elementary education, in agriculture, in rural arts and crafts, in domestic sciences, and in social service have worked hand-in-hand with their Bolivian colleagues in revising teaching methods, integrating academic and practical courses, and applying their skills to the community. The program is designed to turn out rural teachers who can run the kind of functional schools the Indian communities need. Although rural school attendance has multiplied by eight in the last five years, many more teachers are needed to bring existing schools up to the standard of the models and staff still others.

Equipment has been improved and teaching materials furnished by SCIDE to the schools under its supervision. Simple but pleasant quarters for the Warisata faculty have been built. With the help of engineers from a co-operative inter-American health program, a water system was provided for the normal school and the community. Old Pedro Rojas summed up his people's new pride when the water supply was dedicated: "I have lived a hundred years and God has granted me three graces: to have brought a school and water to Warisata, and to have shoes to walk in in my old age. A thousand thanks to Him!" • • •

Today's Central School for the Warisata rural school chain, the first established in the country





the S.A.N.T.A! G.R.A.M

a short story by VICTORINO TEJERA

illustrations by ALOÍSIO MAGALHÃES

"Now that you're going to be alone with your father for the holidays, there's one last thing I want you to know. You're old enough to be told anyway," said the mother to the two little boys who had come to see her off at the Washington airport. "There isn't really any Santa Claus. Santa Claus is just your parents. Daddy and I are the ones who get you your Christmas presents."

"But, Mummy," said the six-year-old, "what about the letters we wrote to him?"

"Yes, Mums," said the seven-year-old, "how come we got what we asked him for?"

Because, after all, you're very lucky children, she thought to herself. "Because, don't you remember, silly, we helped you write the letters."

"But, Mums," persisted the seven-year-old, frowning, "you let me go with you to mail the letters and they said

'Santa Claus, North Pole, Arctic Circle.' Don't they get there just the same?" he said, clinging to what was, perhaps, a large tatter of the torn illusion.

"Well," said the mother slowly, "letters that can't be delivered are returned by the mailman to the address on the back of the envelope. Remember, I wrote our address on the backs for you? You were at school when he came."

"But, Mummy," said the six-year-old, "Santa Claus was at the party we went to."

"Yes, at Daddy's Embassy," added the seven-year-old quickly, but on a note that fell short of being triumphant. "And he told us he was leaving early because he had to be in Caracas by midnight," the child continued, aggrieved now at a slight, which at the time had gone unnoticed.

"Well," said the mother, again slowly, "that's part of the story. It's a long and beautiful story and Daddy will tell it to you. You always like his stories. But it isn't really about Santa Claus. It's really about how much parents love their children and about how people ought to be kind to each other."

"But aren't there," hesitated the six-year-old, "aren't

VICTORINO TEJERA, Venezuelan philosopher and former editor of Venezuela-Up-To-Date, has recently joined the staff of AMERICAS. ALOÍSIO MAGALHÃES, currently showing at the PAU, came up from Recife on the State Department Exchange of Persons Program.

there reindeer in the North Pole? That's where they live."

"Yes, reindeer do live at the North Pole."

"Mother," queried the seven-year-old, "what about the presents we get on January the six? Aren't the three magicians real too?" He was as unconscious of his grammar, at this point, as he was confused about his real beliefs. "Auntie Yolanda showed us the star they followed."

"They ride on camels," said the six-year-old.

"Magi," said the mother, "it's the three Magi, not magicians. They were real, they lived when Jesus was born. Listen, little boys," she put in, just ahead of the new questions in their eyes, and hurrying from the admission she had been forced to make. "You don't know how lucky you are. You get two sets of presents every year—from your American relatives on Christmas Day, and then from your Venezuelan relatives on Epiphany, on Three King's Day."

"It's just like the Child Jesus," two pairs of popping eyes obliged her to continue. "He's in Heaven, but we put a little baby in the manger every year, and we put Joseph and Mary there, and the Three Kings, and the shepherds, and the animals. We put them in to remind us of what happened."

"And the cow, and the donkey, and the rooster," the six-year-old was already saying.

"Did Santa Claus happen?" the seven-year-old came back with.

"Yes, he did. He's the same as Saint Nicholas. Remember the story your Auntie Yolanda told you. Santa Claus is the same as Saint Nicholas."

"But Sister said," put in the seven-year-old, "Sister said that Saints are real. They live in Heaven."

"That's right," said the Protestant mother, hiding reservations that she herself did not know whether to entertain or reject.

"Is Santa Claus in Heaven?" asked the seven-year-old, promoting him forthwith from the far and snowy white-

ness of the Pole to the farther shining whiteness of the sky behind the blue one where Heaven was.

"Mummy, is Santa Claus real?" the six-year-old insisted in his turn.

"Sure he is," said the seven-year-old, "he's in Heaven. Mums just told you." The resentment in his voice could also have been because *Mums* meant she was his, but *Mummy* that she was his brother's. "Santa Claus is real. Daddy buys the toys for him and gives them to us," he added categorically, and entirely on the authority of his more advanced years. This assurance made him forget to ask, before it was too late, why Santa couldn't be written to in Heaven.

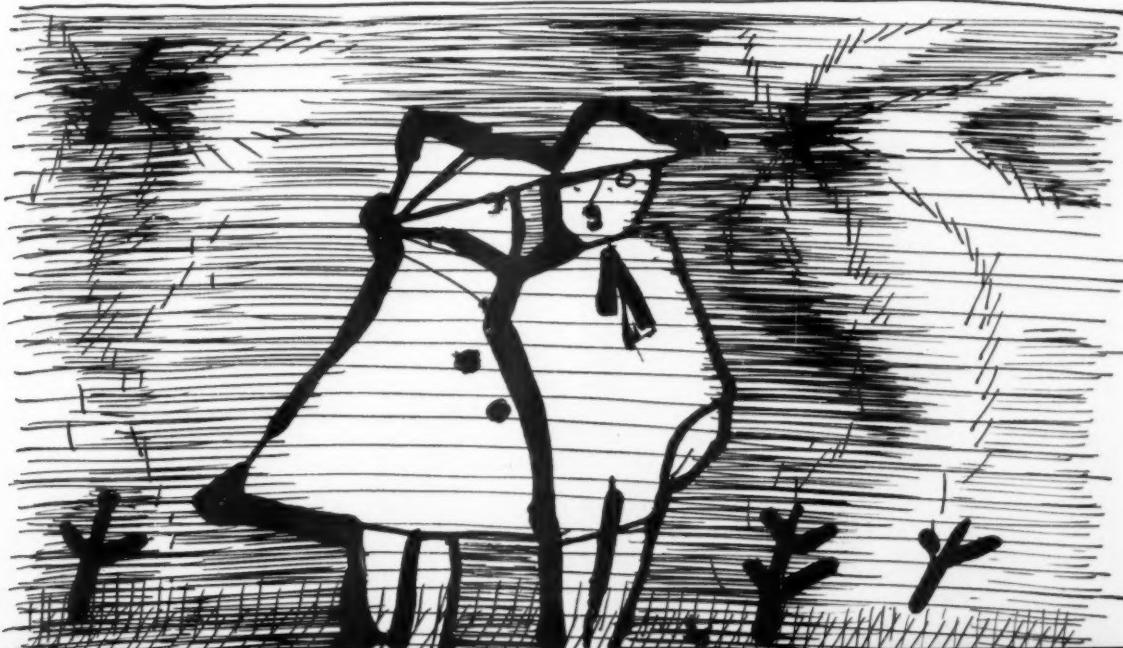
When Christmas came round, their aunt in Caracas, who had heard for the first time about Santagrams for children in the United States, but had not heard about the attempt to enlighten her nephews, arranged for a wire to be sent to the two little boys. It was dated December 25, at the North Pole, was addressed to them personally, and signed Santa Claus. It got there Christmas morning and was taken from the Western Union messenger by the six-year-old, who, with his brother, was already up and waiting in the hall, between the living room and the bedroom, for the father to come out of the one and let them into the gift-wrapped glory of the other.

"It's for us," he said, "look—it says my name and yours too." Then silence, as they read, and silence when they had finished it, as the puzzlement grew.

"What are we going to tell Daddy?" said the seven-year-old, taking the Santagram in his hand.

"What it says," said the six-year-old with an air of superiority, snatching it back and bursting with it into the bedroom pursued by his brother.

"Daddy," they both shouted, each trying to read faster than the other, "we've got a wire from Santa Claus and it says 'HULLO TONY AND PETER HO-HO-HO JUST WATCH MY REINDEER GO WE ARE FLYING ALONG WITH PRESENTS GALORE RIGHT TO YOUR VERY OWN FRONT DOOR.'"



a word with the new ECOSOC chairman

WASHINGTON P. BERMÚDEZ, Minister Counselor of the Uruguayan Embassy in the United States, has just taken over as Chairman of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the specialized organ of the OAS Council in its field. We asked him what he considered the most significant tasks before the group.

"There are many important jobs the Economic and Social Council must tackle in the next year," he replied. "Two, particularly, are bound to have a tremendous impact on the Council's activities and on the main goal of the OAS at this time—which, of course, is true economic and social cooperation among the countries of this Hemisphere. In the first place, the Council must carry out whatever specific missions are entrusted to it by the Committee of American Presidential Representatives [the special committee set up as a result of President

Washington P. Bermúdez has served thirteen years in the Uruguayan diplomatic service, all at the embassy in Washington. Before that he was an economist with the Uruguayan national administration of petroleum, alcohol, and cement



Eisenhower's suggestion at Panama, which is to make its recommendations next spring]. Secondly, the long-postponed OAS Economic Conference is to be held in Buenos Aires in August 1957, and the Council is doing the groundwork for that now. Undoubtedly both the Presidential Representatives' meeting and the Buenos Aires Conference will widen the scope of the Council's activities. That means increases in the various governments' contributions to the budget will be needed."

So you see the Council already has an economic problem of its own. "Our work program," Mr. Bermúdez insisted, "should not be dictated by budgetary limitations, in any case. Through the express mandate of the OAS Charter, the Council has the obligation of examining economic and social problems that arise in the Hemisphere. If, when it draws up its work program, only those items are included that can be attended to without modifying the budget, the Council will not fulfill that mandate and will lose the dynamic character its function demands. For several years we have lacked sufficient funds for the Council to carry out the minimum program assigned to it by inter-American conferences. Aside from that, there are emergency situations, which have come up frequently in recent months and which the Council has the specific duty of studying. The governments show whether or not they really want a given program carried out, with all its ramifications, when the time comes for appropriating the funds for it in the OAS Council."

Trade is naturally one of the key topics for discussion and study by the Economic and Social Council, for the vitality of the Latin American countries' economies is based on their exports. "Our peoples' way is to earn their own living, not to depend on gifts for improving their economic and social conditions. Therefore," Mr. Bermúdez pointed out, "they hope obstacles in the way of their products will disappear. The Council must study elimination of trade barriers, so that we may, logically, attain a true Hemispheric customs union, with preferential tariff treatment for inter-American shipments." Two special committees on bananas and coffee are dealing with production and marketing problems of those commodities.

What has been done to avoid duplication of effort between the Council and the UN Economic Commission for Latin America (established in 1948, three years after the inter-American body)? "Despite the efforts and interests of the governments, it has not been possible to avoid some duplication. Take, for example, the research studies on problems of economic development and planning. There are agreements between the two secretariats to coordinate their activities, but full coordination has not yet been attained. Duplication cannot be eliminated until the Council and the Commission decide to set limits for their respective tasks. Obviously, both organizations are today faced with demands that they do more jobs than they have time for. This, therefore, is the ideal moment for attaining such coordination, which would make possible the best use of the available personnel and funds."—G.C.C.

Brazil's traveling salesmen



UNIVERSITY OF SÃO PAULO STUDENTS EXHIBIT THEIR COUNTRY ABROAD

AN ACCEPTED FACT of life in almost any country these days is the need to tell other people about itself. But an information program, however modest, costs money, requires training and experience. So when a group of young Brazilian law students from the University of São Paulo proposed to take off on a twenty-thousand-mile junket and personally tell the rest of the Hemisphere about modern Brazil, their compatriots shook their heads.

"We were tired of people forever assuming that we speak Spanish or that all we have is coffee," explained Ayalon Orion Cardoso. With no tools other than persistence and youthful zest, he and seven others—Vivaldo Castanho Iakowsky, Sérgio Viegas Prado, Leopoldo Bruck Lacerda, Antônio de Oliveira Almeida Prado, Paulo Celso Nogueira Rangel, Roberto Vitor Pisani, and Antônio Paulo de Oliveira—decided to show other students and cultural groups all over the Americas what Brazil is really like. Pooling their financial resources, they spent a year assembling over five hundred photos, thirty tons of books, fifty-five films, and scores of slides. For this they had to miss classes, but class attendance at their university is not compulsory.

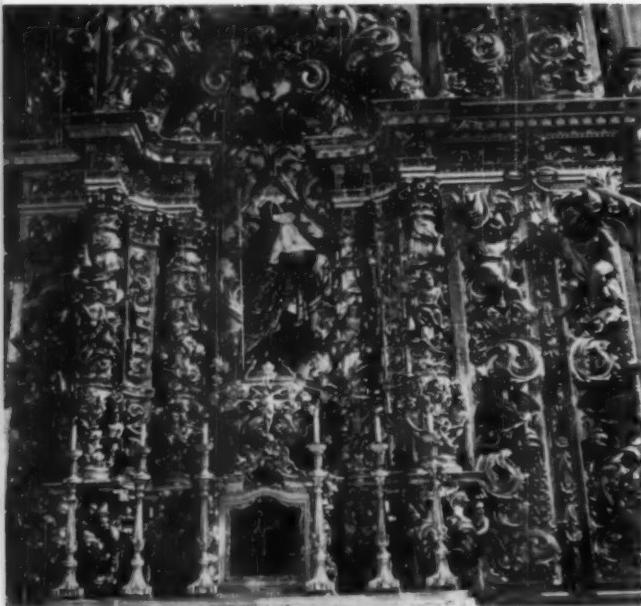
Undaunted by rebuffs, they talked their way into private offices and government departments to get what they wanted: top-quality visual and reading material showing Brazilian industrial progress, such as the recently expanded steel industry; how cotton, coffee, and sugar cane are grown; the way of life of a southern cowboy and a

northern fisherman; metropolitan skylines, scenic spots, crowded business districts; historical sites and colonial architecture; the Brazilian contribution to art, music, literature, and science. Often, to obtain just what they wanted, they would have to go back ten, fifteen times to the same institution. "First," as Ayalon Cardoso puts it, "we kept calling until we found the official who could give us permission to use a picture; then we had to look up the photographer; next we went through countless formalities to order a print, but then it wasn't ready when we expected because they had had a rush job; and so on, and on, forever." Even then, things were not always furnished gratis. In one state they spent the equivalent of one hundred and forty dollars out of their own pockets on photographs alone.

But their candor and enthusiasm paid off. Varig Airlines agreed to fly them free to various parts of the country so their coverage would be more representative. Camera clubs, photo studios, and individual photographers offered prize-winning pictures without charge; industrialists contributed material on their factories and plantations; the National Institute for Educational Motion Pictures loaned films on historical or literary figures, documentaries, and travelogues; the Vera Cruz Motion Picture Company and the São Paulo Art Museum lent art documentaries; and the National Steel Company added movies on its operations. Many had dubbed-in sound-tracks in English, Spanish, or French. Books and



Salt is found along most of Brazil's northern coastline



Salvador, Bahia, "city with 365 churches" is famous for its baroque altars like this one in São Francisco Church

Pôrto Alegre, capital of Rio Grande do Sul State and export outlet for meat, grain, and lumber, has passed half million mark



Steel production at Volta Redonda. Wartime plant in southern Brazil is still largest in Latin America





Vila Velha, scenic wonder in Paraná State, bares some of Brazil's geological history to tourists from all over



Partial view of spectacular Iguassu Falls in southern Brazil, which help meet country's expanding power needs



© 1954 by the Pan American Union

technical literature contributed by publishers or government agencies, to be offered to libraries, ranged from such classic volumes as novels by Machado de Assis or Gilberto Freyre's sociological studies to the latest data published by the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics. Though some translations were included, the bulk was in Portuguese, because, say the boys, "one of our purposes is to encourage the study of Portuguese."

Mounting five hundred and fifty photos into a light, movable, and durable exhibit was a feat of ingenuity, and the boys finally settled on sixty masonite panels on aluminum frames. When the display was shown in Rio and São Paulo last June, an impressed Brazilian Foreign Office came through with 100,000 cruzeiros for the trip and the National Coffee Institute matched that amount. A bill introduced in the Chamber of Deputies will, if approved, grant the boys the equivalent of about \$1,400.

On August 15, under the name Inter-American University Friendship Mission, the group left Brazil with President Kubitschek's blessing. Their way had been paved through contact with twenty embassies and with their compatriot Érico Veríssimo, then Director of the Cultural Affairs Department at the Pan American Union. At this writing, they had already visited the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, and various U.S. cities as guests of the universities of Santo Domingo, Haiti, Oriente (in Santiago de Cuba), Havana, Miami, the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and Catholic University. Audiences who saw their films and slides later besieged them with questions on Brazil. In Cuba and Haiti they were asked to return and help form bi-national cultural institutes.

Unprepared for Miami's and New York's indifference to an ever-present stream of foreign visitors, they were shocked not to be able to see Mayor Wagner, for whom they had brought a letter from São Paulo's Mayor Toledo Pisa, and dismayed to discover that for lack of advance notice there was no space available for their photographic exhibit in Manhattan.

In Washington they had better luck. Their display, shown at the Pan American Union, aroused enthusiastic response; many visitors requested that it be sent to other U.S. cities, but because their dollars are short and their time limited, the boys planned to stop only in Chicago, Brazil (Indiana), and Kansas City. At the International Center run by the American Council on Education their films and slides were the first ever shown on Brazil, and according to Staff Associate Anne Goplerude, the audience, which included grantees from many countries, found the industrial and urban development of Brazil a real revelation.

With the help of Brazilian diplomatic sources in Washington, the eight young men acquired two used cars plus a small trailer and, on November 1, packed their gear for the long drive through the United States and over the Pan American Highway, with stops in the remaining sixteen countries. By February they expect to be back in São Paulo to cram for make-up exams. The illustrations on these pages show the type of material they used in their photographic exhibit.—B.S.M.

Salvador street vendors in typical dress peddle acarajé, abará, munguá, cocadinha, and vatapá, delicacies of Bahia State

EMBASSY

Row

Ambassador and Mrs. Gonzalo J. Facio with their daughters Ana Catalina, two, and Gianina, one. Mrs. Facio, the former Ana Franco, was born in Guatemala City and educated in New Orleans. They met when the Ambassador served on a special mission to Guatemala. The Ambassador has three other children from a previous marriage, Sandra, twelve; Alda, eight; and Rómulo, five. All the children bear Italian names in homage to the Facio family origin

"It is in the juridical field that the OAS has made the most progress," declares Gonzalo J. Facio, Costa Rica's new Ambassador to the OAS and to the United States. He is especially interested in economic problems, and considers the proposed international coffee agreement and general inter-American economic agreement, plus the Technical Cooperation Program, vital measures. He is now working on such problems as a member of the Committee of Presidential Representatives.

"We must think of economic development as a means of educating the people and protecting their health," the Ambassador explained. "But, at the same time, their economic output depends on those two things. Economics and culture reinforce each other in a cause-and-effect relationship. Take the example cited by President Figueres at the Panama meeting: Per capita income in the United States is ten times greater than in Latin America —two thousand dollars to two hundred. The number of university students is in the same proportion—about 2,500,000 in the United States, and only 250,000 in Latin America, though the population is almost the same. When only a minority enjoys thorough education, adequate nutrition, and health protection, you cannot take advantage of the people's spiritual resources, and most of their capabilities go to waste."

Mr. Facio, who has been Minister of Finance, sums up his plan for economic development in these terms: "Higher national income based on fair and stable prices for basic raw material exports; technical aid to improve production methods and reduce costs; better distribution



of national incomes; savings schemes to channel part of the national income into capital formation; and increased appropriations for education and public health in the national budgets." The best way to help Latin America economically, he maintains, is to pay fair prices for its exports.

The Ambassador considers politics his only hobby now that he has given up competitive swimming, which took him to the 1936 Caribbean and Central American Olympics. In politics, he has fought in all fields, including the actual battlefields of the 1948 civil war, parliament, journalism, and international conferences. He was one of the founders of the Social Democratic Party and of the National Liberation Movement, now in power. At the age of thirty, he attained one of the highest posts in his country when he became a member of the provisional governing junta in 1948. Later he was elected a deputy and served for three years as President of the Legislative Assembly (1953-55). In 1948 and in 1952 he headed the Costa Rican delegation to the UN General Assembly. He has also held cabinet posts and conducted special diplomatic missions and has been a university professor of law.

As a journalist he has directed various publications, including the San José newspaper *La República*, and has always championed democracy and human rights. He believes the creation of the Inter-American Court for the Protection of Human Rights (proposed in Resolution XXIX of the Tenth Conference) would give the OAS a real place in the minds of the people.

YULETIDE FUN

IN THIS BRIEF EXCERPT, Oscar Sambrano Urdaneta describes an unusual sort of Christmas party in his hometown of Boconó, Venezuela. His complete article appeared in *Revista Shell*, the luxurious quarterly published and distributed by the Shell Company of Venezuela:

"... Many of our festivities are regional in character, . . . and this one, the search for the Child Jesus, as I know it, is more profane than religious. A group of young people takes the image of the Baby from a crèche. This serves as a pretext for carrying on a search for the lost Child, subsequently hidden in someone's home. Then they write a series of semi-humorous couplets to sing along the way as they hunt for the Child. On the night of the search, the girls dress as shepherdesses, and the boys don the typical costume of the region. The loveliest young lady takes the part of the Virgin Mary and rides a tiny burro. Four boys dress as Joseph and the Magi and walk beside the Virgin. . . . Paired off behind them are the others, carrying multicolored lanterns and intoning the musical theme of the search. At the first house, selected beforehand, the procession stops and sings the couplets, asking the whereabouts of the stolen Child and making impish remarks about the people inside. The residents respond, in song, that the Child is not there and suggest they go on to the next house. Maracas, guitars, drums, and some wind instruments accompany the gay songs. The performance is repeated along a rather long route, until the pilgrims finally arrive at the home where the Child is hidden. There, they are invited to join in a party. . . ."

EVOLVING BUDGETS

"FEW OF YESTERDAY'S homemakers would have looked on certain common, indispensable items in modern family budgets as necessities." However, as an article in the Uruguayan magazine *Mundo Uruguayo* points out, times and budgets have changed:

"... Take, for example, the extensive training given the children of today, and the different attitude toward their sports and social activities.

points

of

view



This new criterion obviously demands expenditures . . . that cannot be cut from the family budget without a setback in our youngsters' standard of living and education.

"There is also the matter of entertainment. Who in the past would have put this on the list of necessities! Yet . . . it is certainly logical to set aside a moderate amount for . . . movies, the theater, and vacations. . . . So it is that social advancement and improved living standards have created obligations that never before would have been thought of as such....

"Who can stop the march of progress? . . . It would be lamentable and utterly futile even to try. . . . The only thing to do is live within our means and spend no more than we can really afford. Of course, this advice is old hat, but it cannot be relegated to the past for it expresses the wisdom of all ages. Also, it has long been ignored. . . . Though there were fewer diversions and necessities in days gone by, there were plenty of foolish, frivolous ways to waste money—and in sizable quantities. Just look back on the ruin and downfall of many respected, wealthy families. This rarely happens now . . . because everyone works together. . . . The oppressed breadwinner, surrounded by a wife who knew nothing about the value of money and carefree, spendthrift sons and daughters, has passed into history. . . ."

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS

FERNANDO VÁZQUEZ OCAÑA declares that "exhibitionism is the triumphal force of our time." In an article in the well-known Mexican magazine *Hoy*, he backs up his statement thus:

"... Any pretty girl might be discovered by a movie scout in a Hollywood restaurant. He approaches the beauty and wastes no time in convincing her, as he scribbles figures on the tablecloth, that she can immediately start earning two hundred dollars a week if she lets him 'sell' her to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Columbia, in exchange for a 10 per cent commission. Within twenty-four hours the agent-dynamo has the 'merchandise' ready, and the next day the future star reads in the gossip column of a daily paper . . . that she adores Whitman, that she has never had a boyfriend, that she played Joan of Arc in a convent school . . . , and that she is wild about vanilla ice cream. The girl need not worry about this string of lies. . . . She will become famous, provided she accepts the personality her agent is concocting for her and shows off her legs now and then.

"Actually, our world demands little. Here in Mexico we have María Félix, a beautiful and accomplished actress. . . . But when she returned from Europe, her fellow countrymen were more interested in the number of suitcases she brought with her than in her screen successes. Publicity men . . .

Cirugía Plástica

Bonito de Salvador PRECIOSA



—¡Es mucho cinco mil pesos por arreglarme la cara! Yo quisiera algo más barato.

—Comprese una máscara.

"Five thousand pesos is an awful lot to spend for a face-lifting. I'd like something cheaper." "Buy a mask." —El Nacional, Mexico City

enthroned her on a pile of luggage big enough to carry all the Aga Khan's treasures. This way her prestige is assured. . . . Doesn't Greta Garbo prolong her 'mystery' with dark glasses and sloppy-looking slacks?

" . . . Talent is no hindrance, nor is it necessary. Singer Johnnie Ray has no voice, but he is an incomparable crybaby. . . . British bobby-soxers mobbed him outside the London Palladium. When they found out that he did not cry in real life and that he was to be married . . . , several girls, driven out of their senses by their 'ideal,' whose bellowing drowns out Frank Sinatra and Frankie Laine, took over-doses of drugs. Hollywood offered the 'crooner' a million dollars so the suicides could continue in California.

"The Latin poet Martial said . . . that very few poets won applause in their lifetimes. . . . Remembering this, the thing to do is show off. Ramón Gómez de la Serna . . . gained fame by lecturing . . . from a circus trapeze. . . . Ezra Pound became a Fascist and aroused Mussolini's fanatics. . . . All pure exhibitionism. . . .

"The show-off . . . reveals the true physiognomy of modern society. . . . A prime example is Salvador Dali, who, with his startling mustache, . . . [has been described as] 'a professional eccentric and distinguished exhibitionist.' Dali once said: 'I abhor simplicity, politics, music, nature, progress, spinach, movies, sunlight, Michelangelo, women, men. . . . I believe only in Einstein, Freud, myself —naturally—the Marquis de Sade, and Picasso.' . . ."

THE INDIAN VIEW

EDUARDO CABALLERO CALDERÓN, in an article in the Bogotá daily *Intermedio*, says "it is easy to guess what the Indians thought of the European in-

vaders. . . . They were cruelly subjugated by the conquerors, robbed and exploited, deceived hundreds of times, enslaved in some regions and exterminated in others. According to the chroniclers of the Indies, on whose testimony we must rely since the Indians could not write, the Europeans at first inspired an almost religious fear and veneration. . . . The Indians began to see the men who vomited flames and galloped on speedy, iron-shod monsters as strange gods, violent and unjust like all primitive gods. But dismounted from the legend, they became terribly human and detestable. This change came about quickly, when they exterminated the Indians on the plains of North America, betrayed Moctezuma in Mexico City, impaled Atahualpa in Peru, stripped the Indians of their riches, their lands, their crops, their gods, their sacred relics, and even the mummies of their ancestors. . . .

"The Indians could not speak the language of the invaders, much less write it, but there were charitable, sympathetic Europeans—the missionaries and chaplains—who raised a cry on their behalf and took their complaint to the Pope and the Emperor. More than in the name of those vengeful, silent Indians who fled to the mountains or shot poisoned darts from the shadowy forests, the missionaries . . . spoke in their own name, as Europeans and Christians. . . .

"The Indians responded to the conquerors' unjustified attitude with silence, submission, and vengeance. . . . They were terrified by their firearms, their swift horses, their mastiffs, and their implacable whips; they scorned the Europeans for their filthiness (the stench was obvious, even from a distance, the chroniclers recount) and for their base love for metal. The Euro-

peans cared only for the commercial value of a jewel. . . . So, they destroyed the gods of the great Teocalli of Mexico, shod their horses with the gold of the artificial gardens of the Incas, and crushed the emeralds of the Zipas of New Granada to find out if they were as hard as diamonds and could be considered precious. . . . The Europeans were cruel . . . , greedy . . . sensual . . . ; yet strong, bold, and valiant. At times they were sentimental and generous. In short, they were much too contradictory and human to continue in their status as gods. . . .

"They lost no time in installing themselves as the master race . . . , and soon all reasonable, coordinated defenses against the invaders ceased. In vast areas of America the Indians disappeared completely or were ab-



Smile.—La Prensa, Managua



1763

EDITORS PRESS SERVICE, INC.—NUEVA YORK

sorbed through intermarriage. In other regions they managed to survive by clinging stubbornly to their language, their ancient rituals, and their customs. . . . On the plateaus of Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, in the forests of Paraguay, the Amazon, and Guatemala, and in the deserts of Colombia and Mexico there are still pure-blooded Indians who have not been reduced or assimilated by the white man . . . , and their concept of Europe has changed little since the first conquerors came to American shores. . . ."

THOSE "DIFFERENT" YANKEES

WRITING in *Alterosa*, Brazilian family magazine published in Belo Horizonte, Olívia Beltrán pokes light fun at the United States:

"The United States is a gigantic country where there is room for twice the number of inhabitants there now . . . yet parking space is at a premium. . . . U.S. towns are uncommonly

Main Street . . . have the same businesses, drug stores, luxurious cafés, and public amusements. The same products are on sale and the same movies on view.

"North American highways are nothing but elongated streets. They are just as jammed as the avenues, have traffic signals . . . , and are lined with all sorts of buildings and businesses. Any place along a highway, people can stop for coffee, aspirin, stockings, or a fountain pen. It is unusual to have the feeling of being in the country. . . . If you should make the grievous mistake . . . of stopping to admire a view, a policeman pops up . . . and makes it very expensive. U.S. highway police sprout like mushrooms. . . . You never know where they come from, and they are always there when you least expect them.

"If the foreign tourist wants to enjoy a country scene, he should not look for rural areas . . . but visit a city like Los Angeles, for example. By going from one section to another, he can enjoy the delights of the country, without seeing a living soul . . . or even a house. . . . The first-time visitor to Los Angeles cannot help but wonder whether the city is so spread out because so many North Americans have automobiles, or vice versa. . . .

"The United States is truly a nation of automobiles . . . , which, incidentally, are not the only 'autos' there. It is the land of 'autos' in the etymological sense of the word . . . , the birthplace of self-service, self-made men, self-addressed envelopes, and so on. . . .

"The shortage of cooks and maids means that people must do for themselves, but North American foresight anticipated the difficulties involved, and everything is ready-made. . . . Paradoxically, they don't let you do anything, because you have to do everything! To send a telegram, you don't have to think what to say. Just choose one of . . . the standard messages, anything from 'Happy New Year' to 'Dad, I need money.'

"Nowhere in the world do people talk so much about relaxing, the golden dream of every Yankee. . . . But that is more complicated than you might think. One must assume the proper position, stretch the muscles

just so, and follow a number of other rules, all of which results in more effort and less rest.

"Doubtless, North Americans must weary of so much general uniformity and so little individual variety. For example, in Portuguese, calling something 'different' necessitates an explanation. Otherwise, people will not know . . . whether it is good or bad. But in the United States the most praiseworthy comment that can be made is that such-and-such is different. Different from what? That doesn't matter. . . ."

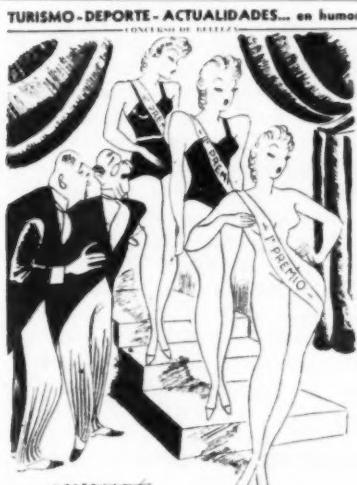
RAPID TRANSIT

STREETCARS often evoke happy memories, to such an extent that many North Americans loudly bemoan their banishment from an increasing number of U.S. streets. But would these people feel so nostalgic if they had had to ride San Salvador's early mule-drawn vehicles? T. P. Mechín described them in an article written in 1919 and recently published in *Síntesis*, a monthly Salvadorian literary review:

". . . See that genteel young girl, that wealthy dowager, that nice little old lady, waiting patiently in the shady doorway of a store? . . . That married couple with several children, loaded down with bulky packages and accompanied by a dog with about eight inches of tongue hanging out? . . . Those young clerks . . . amusing themselves in the corner grocery, tossing beans and chickpeas back and forth and chewing on pilfered grains of corn, cinnamon chips, or perhaps small slices of Nicaraguan cheese? . . . All are waiting for the streetcar.

"When one cries joyfully, 'There it comes!' they huddle forward and get ready to jump.

"Yes, there in the distance looms the cumbersome hulk, advancing . . . at a turtle's pace, somersaulting, squeaking loudly. . . . It is pulled along by two tiny, improbable mules. . . . The brakeman nods sleepily, while the conductor yawns on the rear platform. Inside, there are some twenty martyrs of both sexes, plus about a dozen baskets overflowing with food, succulent morsels for myriad flies. . . . The children, immobile and terrified, do not even whimper.



"She's not the most beautiful, but we awarded her the first prize for reasons of decency." —Ruedas y Turismo, Caracas

roomy, while the big cities are like teeming anthills. . . . Indeed, the distribution of space in the United States displays outstanding contrasts. The normal difference between a city and a town, a street and a highway, does not exist. . . . A U.S. town is little more than a city with fewer inhabitants . . . , though it is rarely smaller in area. Proportionately, it is frequently larger. . . . Fifth Avenue and

"Some one shouts, 'Stop!' The monster halts; the mules sigh. Several unfortunates are . . . crushed, stepped on, jostled, and sat upon. . . . Yet complaints and protests are rare. The watchword is submission.

"The conductor yawns noisily, shoves his way through . . . , sticks out a grimy hand for the eight-cent fare, deliberately punches a slip of paper until it looks like a piano roll, then pokes it under the victim's nose. Babes in arms pay too.

"At an insult from the brakeman the mules arch their backs, give a



Illustration accompanying article on early-twentieth-century streetcars in Salvadorian capital.—Síntesis, San Salvador mighty tug, and set out again, calmly and slowly. . . . Of course, they run downhill, knocking off a child or an old lady from time to time.

"The car never fails to jump the tracks on the first curve. The conductor calls the brakeman an oaf and, in turn, is bombarded with a volley of choice epithets. . . . The quiet passengers exchange sad, furtive glances . . . , as the disgruntled brakeman gets off, unhitches the mules, and . . . takes them around behind. Under a rain of blows and abuse, the poor beasts . . . put forth titanic efforts, . . . but the wreck refuses to budge. Then the conductor fretfully announces: 'If you don't get off, we'll be here all day.'

"The passengers shrug and alight. The more impatient ones set out on foot, but there are always volunteers to push the car, whether out of courtesy to the ladies . . . or out of pity for the little mules.

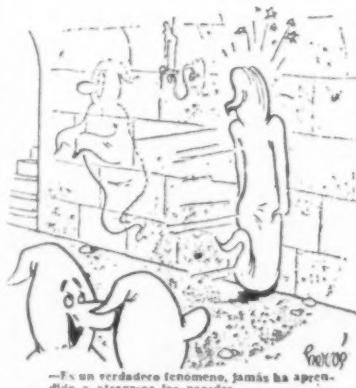
"At last the wheels are on the tracks. The people get back on; the beasts are given another whipping; the conductor and brakeman start in on more insults. . . . A lady crosses herself and mumbles a prayer. The streetcar sets out at normal speed, an inch a second. . . ."

IN THE SOUP

IN HIS REGULAR COLUMN in the popular Chilean magazine *Zig-Zag*, Tinskyemoans the passing of an era:

". . . Nowadays people don't eat, theygulp. . . . You often feel like you are dining with a flock of ostriches that could digest stones. The gourmet is extinct. . . . Cans have taken the place of the cooks . . . who used to shed a few strands of hair in Spanish stew. Soups are made from a powder, sold in envelopes, that retains even the hen's last cackle. Gravies are unknown. Palate and nostrils long for the subtle flavors . . . and delightful aromas of unhurried preparations. . . . Hot dogs have displaced the most exquisite international cuisine, and restaurant patrons are rushed through a meal of fish croquettes that smell suspiciously like horsemeat. . . ."

"Our wives no longer practice the culinary art. They rely on rouge, creams, and powder for day and night. On permanents, which are still only temporary. Not on peppers and juicy chunks of meat. . . . Women don't discover the affinity between the heart and the stomach until too late—when it is the 'other woman' who does the cooking.



"It's a real phenomenon; he's never learned to go through walls."—El Comercio, Lima

"Love lasts six months. Conjugal bliss, three years. Personality conflicts, the rest of the time. Cold soup or coffee constitutes real 'mental cruelty.' When ardor cools, the gastric juices regain control. . . . One poor man, past fifty, drooled every time he saw an eighteen-year-old girl. . . . She literally made his mouth water. . . ."

SMOKE SCREEN

HORACIO DE DIOS maintains that "all Peruvian movie fans are subject to tobacco angina . . . , even if they don't smoke." His article, which appeared in the Lima daily *El Comercio*, continues:

". . . The clouds of smoke in gambling houses are nothing compared to the curtain that descends on a theater audience the minute the lights are lowered, despite the placard warning of the city ordinance against smoking. All the seats, apparently occupied by humans just minutes before, become nests of fuming vampires. No one would object to one or two cigarettes during an hour-and-a-half film—particularly a boring one—but most people chain smoke, lighting one from another in dizzy succession. The worst offenders . . . are the young people . . . who don't know how to inhale. They simply drag and blow with all their might. . . . Some days ago, . . . I went to a movie 'for men only,' which, incidentally, was so utterly stupid that it should have been 'for monkeys only,' and every pack of cigarettes in Peru . . . must have been in the theater. Morality got an unexpected assist from the veil of smoke that shrouded the exposed flesh. . . ."

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 40

1. São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Espírito Santo, Bahia, Minas Gerais.
2. True.
3. Costa Rica.
4. The pomegranate or *granada* (Colombia was previously called Nueva Granada).
5. Chimborazo.
6. The Book of the Gospels.
7. Nopal.
8. A volcano, deep valleys, the two oceans.
9. El Salvador and Nicaragua.
10. Together, the thirteen original states.



BOOKS

NEW ARGENTINE LITERATURE

Reviewed by Bernardo Verbitsky

ENSAYOS, by Roberto F. Giusti. Buenos Aires, published by his friends, 1955. 360 p.

To commemorate his fiftieth year of literary activity the friends and disciples of Roberto F. Giusti have edited this volume of his essays. *Ensayos* was handed to him at a public ceremony that turned into a literary event. The twenty essays selected, many of them to be found only in volumes now out of print, allow the reader to grasp the over-all meaning of the work of this sixty-nine-year-old man who refuses to rest on his laurels. Today he is still as active as when, with Alfredo Bianchi, he founded the magazine *Nosotros*, which he edited for thirty-five years. Giusti, a teacher of note, does not have an academic mind; he deals with the realities that surround him, not in abstractions. One of his latest works bears the title *Literatura y Vida* (Literature and Life).

In *Nosotros* Giusti performed regularly as a critic, and if much of what he wrote and said was occasional, called for by the pressure of circumstance, he also had

BERNARDO VERBITSKY, outstanding Argentine novelist, contributes a semi-annual round-up of his country's books.

the gift, like Unamuno, of transcending the immediate motive and of hammering out pages that have preserved all their liveliness. The opening essay was written forty-five years ago and dealt with Enrique Banchs. Banchs was the famous poet—of whom Giusti took early notice in *Nuestros Poetas Jóvenes* in 1911—who published four books in four years, only to lapse into a silence that has been as complete as it was astonishing.

Ensayos is instructive in more ways than one, for it highlights significant moments in the evolution of poetry in Spanish. Giusti pointed out in 1911 that the accents of Garcilaso "had, for a whole century, not once been recaptured in the poetry of the Spanish language with the purity achieved in the sonnets of Banchs' *La Urna*." Giusti can take pride in having recognized the value of the poetry in Banchs' first book, *Las Barcas*; Banchs was then nineteen, and Giusti just a year older.

It is too bad Giusti seems to have given up the job of regularly examining the newest and youngest poets and is not awakening appreciation for their work the way he did for his contemporaries—Banchs, Benito Lynch, Alfonsina Storni, and Fernández Moreno.

The twenty essays in this book are, of course, not the only ones that might have been selected; but, on the whole, they are representative of Giusti's personality, interests, knowledge, and optimism. His defense of the nineteenth century against the accusation of "stupidity" leveled at it by Léon Daudet, the French nationalist and monarchist, made him define his own position. Giusti sees in that century the source of vast wholesome changes. He describes it as a century of beautiful illusions, many of which will perhaps have to wait out the twentieth century to be realized. His short study of Anatole France, his evaluation of a great novelist like Eça de Queiroz, his excellent essay on Cervantes, all serve to place him. This last essay also shows us how Giusti always makes his scholarship bear on life, a point he has insisted on as a critic.

Giusti is neither unctuous, nor artificial, nor solemn. On the contrary, his richness and spontaneity of expression stem from his warm feeling about the things he says. His essay on Rodó is a good example; so, in another way, is his dramatic and agile evocation "A Young Generation at the Beginning of the Century." The last essay, a strongly etched portrait of the old Italian city of Lucca, is a model of unity between what is said and how it is said.

Giusti has several times regretted never having written a novel. Nevertheless, the intimate essay, to which he imparts the resonance of dialogue, has given his personality full play. Throughout these pieces we find, side by side with analysis and exegesis, an intense profession of faith. This is what lends vitality to his work and allows us to call him a humanist. The term humanism, in fact, sums up the intent of his stimulating labor.

RELACIÓN PARCIAL DE BUENOS AIRES, by Alberto Salas. Buenos Aires, Editorial Sur, 1955. 36 p.

The title tells us Alberto Salas does not pretend, in this book, to cover all phases of the city's life, as, for ex-

ample, Ezequiel Martínez Estrada did in *La Cabeza de Goliat*. In a note to the reader Salas explains that his report is partial because it is subjective. The love of the *porteño* for his city, or the part of it that he knows, is, by now, a commonplace. And the appreciation of Buenos Aires has its angles. For the man who represents the survival of tradition, the essence of Buenos Aires will not be the same as for the inhabitant of a working-class neighborhood. But the interesting thing is that Salas takes a tack that will, perhaps, succeed in reconciling their contrasting views. His comments bring into relief less vernacular aspects of the city, and the brand of originality this requires allows us to compare his *Relación Parcial de Buenos Aires* (A Partial Report on Buenos Aires) to such personal books as Florencio Escardó's *Geografía de Buenos Aires* and Salvador Irigoyen's beautiful but unpublished *Lo Primero Fué el Barrio* (The Neighborhood Came First). A community of subject matter brings them together.

In the first chapter there is a phrase that could just as well have been the opening sentence of the book: "We can, in truth, say 'in the beginning was the River.'" Salas here invokes the most neglected of the *porteños*, the great river of the city, calling up for us the fugitive echoes of its unheard music that flows, forgotten, through the streets. But for the river, he reminds us, there would be no port and, hence, no *porteños*. He notes that the city turned its back on the river as soon as it had gotten over its fear of the Indian, and offers us an ingenious image. "The river," he says, "which had brought us invasions and smuggling, now quietly penetrates our homes in the casks of the water bearers." He delicately notes that neglect of the river may have had an effect on *porteño* character, for the river, he decides, "is the irrevocable image of freedom."

In the second chapter, "The Winds," the free, lyrical style of interpretation continues; and the chapters on the streets, downtown, the neighborhoods, the trolley, and "Cosmogony," complete a panoramic view in which

RIO LITERARY PRIZE

The P.E.N. Club of Brazil announces that the City of Rio de Janeiro will award a 200,000-cruzeiro prize (about \$3000) for the best work on the Brazilian capital published in a foreign country by a foreign author. It may deal with any aspect of Rio de Janeiro in any literary form. If prose, the work should be more than one hundred and fifty pages long; if poetry, at least one thousand lines. If it is a series of articles, there should be at least ten, averaging a thousand words each. Only works published in 1955 and 1956 are eligible, but the two-year period will not end until January 31, 1957.

Entries are to be submitted to P.E.N. Centers all over the world. In February 1957 they will be forwarded to the P.E.N. Club of Brazil. The jury appointed by the Brazilian group will meet in April 1957 under the chairmanship of the Mayor of Rio, and the prize will be presented at a public ceremony in the Federal District Chamber of Aldermen. Should the winner go to Brazil to receive the prize personally, he will be given free lodging at the Claudio de Souza International House for Writers, overlooking Guanabara Bay.

only the work going on is missing. Salas interweaves interpretation with observation without falling into the modern traveler's false "philosophic" pose. His attempts at generalization are far removed from the cold remarks an entomologist might make about the human scene, for Salas talks like a spectator who is also an actor. Neither is he a disciple of Ortega or of Waldo Frank. Without being a prophet or an anguished visionary, he effects, with deceptive ease, the difficult passage from what looks like *costumbrismo* to what is really metaphysics. A good example of this is his discussion of the café.

In short, this is a many-faceted book, full of understanding of the city and its people. This affectionate understanding is at once reserved and candid; it is easy without being showy and touches everything, whether the recollections of the trolley or the warm and accurate account of the way the city stands to one side of its past in working out its present-day destinies.

PEDRO SARMIENTO DE GAMBOA, EL ULISÉS DE AMÉRICA, by Rosa Arciniega. Buenos Aires, Editorial Sudamericana, 1956. 250 p.

Rosa Arciniega is a Peruvian novelist and historian who lives in Argentina. Sarmiento de Gamboa, her American Ulysses, belongs to the earliest history of Argentina; by the time of Garay's second founding of Buenos Aires, he had already come from Spain and Lima as far as our southern Atlantic coast. This concise and lively biography covers his extraordinary exploits between 1560, when he was in Lima, and 1592, when he died.

Sarmiento de Gamboa can be understood as a late expression of the Spanish impulse to occupy America. He was no less energetic than the earlier Cortés, at a time when that drive was already spent in Spain itself. His learning earned him the appointment as Cosmographer to the Viceroy Toledo. He wrote a history of the Incas; and even though it was aimed at showing that the right of the Incas to their Empire was merely, like that of the Spanish kings after them, the right of conquest, its value as history cannot be denied. In his last years he conversed in Latin with Queen Elizabeth in England. The Inquisition became curious about his sales of amulets and his astrological activities. Besides all this, he was an able writer and the chronicler of his own adventures. He once described himself as a "tireless ploughman of the sea," a phrase which in itself is worth a whole poem. Rosa Arciniega does not overlook the excesses of his self-deception, for they are part and parcel of his personality.

This American Ulysses was the first to sail from Lima to Seville and to cross the Strait of Magellan from west to east. He was one of the discoverers of the Solomon Islands. He was sent by Philip II to fortify the southern coasts of the Viceroyalty against the wanton raids of the English pirates, especially Drake, whose sacking of Lima in 1579 had dismayed the colonists and astonished Europe.

The most tragic and grandiose of Sarmiento de Gamboa's ventures was his expedition to Patagonia. It con-



A host of followers throughout this Hemisphere were delighted at the news that seventy-four-year-old Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez had won the 1956 Nobel Prize for Literature. Now living in Puerto Rico, he is best known for *Platero y Yo*, a work written in 1914 in which he carried on poetic conversations with a donkey named Platero as they wandered about southern Spain. Drawing is by Héctor Poleo of Venezuela

sisted of twenty ships and three thousand people, including women and children. From the moment they left Spain they were pursued by furious storms. By the time they had reached the Strait, many ships had been lost and hundreds drowned. The two settlements at the gates of the Antarctic were slowly but inevitably defeated by hunger and relentless cold. There was only one survivor, saved by the pirate Cavendish.

PASIÓN DE FLORENCIO SÁNCHEZ, by Wilfredo Jiménez. Buenos Aires, Ediciones Losange, 1956. 80 p.

Florencio Sánchez, most significant playwright of the River Plate area, probably never foresaw that he would himself become the subject of a play. First staged at an independent theater, *Pasión de Florencio Sánchez* has now come out in the form of a dramatized biography, which attempts to get at the secret of his creativity and define the import of his career. The author covers the key events in Sánchez' brief but intense life in a series of set scenes. He narrates a succession of episodes subtly linking his life as a working artist with his family life and his so-called bohemian adventures. The details fall into their proper perspective. There are only a few characters that are strictly inventions.

The critic Joaquín de Vedia, who introduced Sánchez to theater, always maintained that it was not necessary to deny the reports about his conviviality and ignorance to uphold his prestige as an artist. This biography, accordingly, steers a sensible course among the legends about him in bringing out the essential facets of his character.

Sánchez was an artist who drew upon the realities of his environment, and tried to improve on them. Without belonging to any political party, he had a social conscience. He believed in helping people through his art. Sánchez worked full time at the drama, and it is impossible to agree with Vedia when he claims that, in all, the man's work was the outcome of thirty-five to forty-five days' activity, as if to say that the rest was time lost. He was capable of writing an act in an evening and a whole play in a day. But Florencio Sánchez died in 1910 at the age of thirty-five, and his twenty works were written within six years. We cannot call him an idler. He was simply slowed down by his health and his inadequate earnings.

Wilfredo Jiménez' portrait of the artist as a human being is not one of those studies where you cannot see the man for his works. Sánchez is presented as a compassionate spectator of life, interested most of all in those who suffered and struggled. While it is not strictly a biography, this book helps us understand both Sánchez' personality and his work.

LOS ARGERICH, by José M. Massini. Buenos Aires, Instituto Amigos del Libro Argentino, 1955. 300 p.

This is the biography of Cosme Mariano Argerich (1758-1820) and his son Francisco Cosme Argerich (1785-1864), the founders of modern medical studies in Argentina. The elder Argerich had served in the *Protomedicato*, a colonial establishment that combined the functions of a ministry of health, a school of medicine, and a medical association, and in 1813 he founded the Military Medical Institute provided for by the National Assembly. That he was a man of strong civic convictions was proved by the part he played in the *Cabildo Abierto* (citizens' constituent council) of May 22 and throughout the Revolution of 1810.

For a time, father and son practiced medicine simultaneously. The son performed his first operations during the struggle against the English invaders. After the battle of San Lorenzo, he was sent from Buenos Aires to attend the wounded, including San Martín himself; and there is a letter of commendation from the Argentine Liberator. In 1835 Juan Manuel de Rosas signed a decree banishing Francisco from his professorship at the University for having "betrayed the cause of Federation." A decree of the same date required all professors to have, beside the usual competence, an absolute devotion to Rosas and his system.

The author notes that Francisco Argerich, like many others who opposed Rosas, was himself a federalist, though Rosas tried to force all his enemies into the category of "accursed and savage unitarians." But besides the unitarians, Massini lists among the opponents provincial *caudillos*, enlightened members of the Federalist Party and the House of Representatives, wealthy landowners like Rosas' brother Gervasio, officers of the War of Independence, and the religious orders that had previously been Rosas' beneficiaries but had turned against him. The author adds: "The opposition to Rosas, therefore, was by no means merely the result of the en-

lightened or foreign-influenced opinion of a minority, as has often been claimed; it was the expression, rather, of the antagonism of thousands of Argentines of all parties, provinces, social classes, of enlightened as well unenlightened opinion. The force of these antagonisms was what finally overthrew him."

Los Argerich is not the psychological biography typical of a Strachey or a Zweig, but it is a diligent and honest bit of history that presents, in the complex context of the struggle for freedom, the lives of two men devoted to science and their country.

EL OMBÚ Y LA CIVILIZACIÓN, by Amaro Villanueva, Buenos Aires, Ediciones El Litoral, 1955. 156 p.

The *ombú* or *umbra* tree (*Phytolacca dioica*) is a huge, magnificent specimen of the Argentine flora found even in Buenos Aires. It is linked to the traditions of the pampa and to the Argentine past. This book is Amaro Villanueva's exhaustive study of its role in Argentine history. Villanueva himself is a native of Paraná, and his works are a must for all students of nineteenth-century Argentine literature. His studies of Juan María Gutiérrez and of *Martín Fierro*, his books *Critica y Pico* and *Mate*, in which he refers to Argentine talk and Argentine tea, are all of exceptional quality.

The *ombú* is cited in the poetry of the first era of our national literature by Hidalgo Ascasubi and Esteban Echeverría, and later by José Hernández. These references and others are collected in an anthology of the *ombú* that makes up the second part of the book. The most popular of these poems is "El Ombú," by Luis L. Domínguez, written in 1843. It covers much of what there is to say about the tree. The first stanza defines it as a prominent feature of the pampa and goes on to describe the pampa itself.

esa llanura extendida
inmenso piélago verde
donde la vista se pierde
sin tener donde posar.

that immense green flood
of expanding lea
where the sight seeks,
without finding, a resting place.

In the seventh and eighth stanzas the poet says:

No hay allí bosques frondosos,
pero alguna vez asoma,
en la cumbre de una loma
que se alcanza a divisar,
el ombú, solemne, aislado,
de gallarda airosa planta,
que a las nubes se levanta
como faro de aquel mar.

El ombú! Ninguno sabe
en qué tiempo, ni qué mano,
en el centro de aquel llano
su semilla derramó.
Mas su tronco tan nudoso,
su corteza tan róida,
bien indican que su vida
cien inviernos resistió.

There no palmy forests flower
but on some lonely hillock
that far off, can be spied,
the *ombú* sometimes looms,
solitary and solemn,
gallant and graceful in bearing,
rising to the clouds
like a lighthouse in that sea.

The *ombú*! Who knows
what hand, at what time,
scattered the seed of it
over the plain?
But its knotty trunk,
its gnawed-at bark
show it has survived
a hundred winters.

Echeverría and Ascasubi were also interested in the enigma of how the *ombú* came to the pampa. But there are other mysteries that surround the tree. Ricardo Rojas, referring to Domínguez' poem, asked, "What is the secret of this composition that so deeply stirred the sensibilities of our fathers?" Amaro Villanueva answers this ques-

tion, along with others about superstitions attached to the *ombú*, which show how much it meant to the plains people.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the *ombú*'s territory had already been civilized, and the writers naturally wondered about its origins, but they were close enough to it to respect its symbolic value. Today the symbolism of the *ombú* has been de-emphasized because we no longer know what it symbolizes. It is sometimes associated, by those who do not appreciate its natural beauty, with the cheap symbols of carnival *gauchismo* or the dishonest folklore of the radio, worth no more than a bad cowboy movie. The *ombú* thus comes in for the abuse so richly deserved by those who have made an industry out of our folklore, to the extent that it is claimed never to have existed in the pampa, by those who find none in La Pampa Province. It is also claimed that the *ombú* is useless, that it bears no flowers, that it cannot be used for firewood. The irony, as Villanueva explains it, is of course that these are the very reasons that allowed it to survive into the great age of the pampa. "That is why," he adds, "without being a true tree . . . , it has come to be the great domestic tree, hospitable, beautiful, and useful."

The *ombú* came to the pampa from the north with the advance of civilization. It was known to the Indians and had a place in their funeral rites. The colonists used to raise their houses next to it, or plant an *ombú* wherever they settled. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it thus came to characterize "Christian" lands as the colonists advanced their dominion over the Indians. As the *ombú* survived the raids that leveled the settlers' houses, superstition came later to blame such ill fortune on the tree itself. The elegant prose style and the felicity of the references with which Villanueva explains these and other matters make up the great virtue of this book.

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OAS

OOOO FLOOOO



School of Library Science in the making. Looking forward to 1957 opening at Antioquia University, Medellín, Colombia, are, left to right, Marietta Daniels, PAU associate librarian; Gaston Litton, professor of library science and newly chosen Director of the school; Gerardo Paredes, medical school librarian; and Eleanor Mitchell, advisor to the Departmental Library of Cali.

Top statistical officers from OAS countries meet with Inter-American Statistical Institute in Washington, D.C., to lay plans for 1960 Hemisphere census.



OAS Ambassador from Argentina Eduardo Augusto García tells gallery-going tots about PAU exhibit of children's paintings from his country. Show selected entries from five thousand submitted to contest sponsored by Guillermo Kraft, Inc., publisher of *Veinte Cuentos para Niños* (Twenty Stories for Children).



Development of agreements between their organizations brings together (from left to right) OAS Secretary General José A. Mora and UNESCO Director General Luther Evans. In summit huddle are René Maheu of France, Assistant Director of UNESCO; Oscar Vera of Chile, UNESCO education advisor; Guillermo Nanetti, Director of PAU Education Division.



Know Your Neighbors' Coats-of-Arms? Part 2

ANSWERS ON PAGE 34



1. The constellation of the Southern Cross in Brazil's coat-of-arms represents the discovery of Brazil and the faith of the early navigators. What are the five states of the central coffee zone that the stars also represent?

2. In choosing red, white, and blue as the national colors, Rodriguez de Francia, dictator of Paraguay, was influenced by the French Revolution. It is said that he included the star of destiny in the coat-of-arms because of his admiration for Napoleon. True or false?

3. What country, with coasts on both the Pacific and the Caribbean, displays a rising sun on its coat-of-arms?

4. The Spanish name of the fruit displayed on the upper part of the Colombian coat-of-arms is a reminder of the name of the country in colonial times. What fruit is it?

5. The Ecuadorian shield displays the sun and the signs of the zodiac corresponding to March, April, May, and June. Can you name the mountain below them?

6. The coat-of-arms of the Dominican Republic shows two lances and four national flags, upon which a book rests. Can you guess what book is represented?

7. The royal eagle with a serpent in its talons is perched, in the coat-of-arms of Mexico, on a cactus. Give the plant's name (derived from the Nahuatl word for it).

8. Three olive trees rise on one side of the Honduran coat-of-arms and three pines on the other. What other striking natural features can you make out?

9. What two Central American countries show on their coats-of-arms (below, left and center) the same number of volcanoes, washed by two seas, surmounted by a rainbow?

10. What do the seven silver and six red stripes represent on the shield at the center of the U.S. coat-of-arms (below, right)?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DOG DAZE

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for Tinky in the October issue. As a lover of dogs, I've read this aloud to friends and we have laughed over it till we cried.... We would like more stories by Mercer Cook....

Frances W. Smith
Asheville, North Carolina

Dear Sirs:

Your recent publication of the experiences of Tinky has not only redeemed my caninity but in considerable measure restored my faith in humanity. My circumstances are all too similar to Tinky's. For instance, I was given, in a fit of hilarity, the whimsical name of Shirley! Frequently, when I am being called to meals, this leads to the most embarrassing confusion with an obnoxious small human female neighbor.

My mistresses regard the possibility of intellectual interest on the part of dogs with the same levity as Tinky's family. Only the other evening I lay down on the living-room floor, with one ear cocked to a speech by presidential candidate Stevenson, to study the views of various congressional candidates as tabulated in the copy of *The Washington Post and Times-Herald* someone had conveniently tossed down. I was startled by shrieks of laughter that drowned out Mr. Stevenson's analysis of the Middle East crisis and made it virtually impossible to concentrate on the views of Congressman Broyhill. From the subsequent conversation I was mortified to learn that they thought I was "pretending" to read and could not imagine I would be interested in this campaign since "there is no Falla or Checkers in it." To think that I would be judged so canicentric!

Please convey my profound sympathies to the former Professor and mink-clad Mrs. Anderson on the loss of their benefactor, Tinky (may he rest in peace).

Shirley
Arlington, Virginia

BOOKMAKER'S PLAUDIT

Dear Sirs:

I have just read, in the October issue of AMERICAS, the excellent report about José Olympio and his publishing firm by Paulo Rónai.... As a member of the concern, I want to extend my thanks.

Gabriel Athos Pereira
Caixa Postal 4323
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

SINCERE, NOT SORDID

Dear Sirs:

I am deeply grateful to the person who reviewed *Una Moneda al Río y Otros Cuentos* (A Coin in the River and Other Stories) in your October issue.... It seems to me the reviewer, whoever he is, has a lot more sense than half the Chilean critics who see nothing but smut in the works of Nicomedes Guzmán. I am sure Mr. Guzmán himself will share my sentiments for the recognition of the abiding quality of his work.

Any fool can find fault, but it takes a genuine critic to point out and identify meritorious contributions.... Thanks a lot.

Paul J. Cooke
Monticello College
Alton, Illinois

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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Palms Beach, Florida

Pamela Ann Best (E, S, F)—C*
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Madison, Wisconsin

Archidu N. Picado
(E, S, P, German)—C
Av. Frei Martinho 364

Waldemar Guimarães (S, P)*
Caixa Postal 2718
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

IN JANUARY . . .

The annual travel issue

- * Noted Brazilian writer Gilberto Freyre describes his home town, Recife
- * A trip through the Haitian back country
- * Good eating around the Hemisphere
- * Tips to shoppers on folk art of the Americas



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Pineda, Rafael *Miss World* Feb 16

Phonograph Gil Blas Tejeira Jul 26

Plantation Playwright Benedicta S. Monsen Aug 8

Popayán Christmas Andrew Hunter Whiteford Dec 7

Portuondo, José Antonio *Cuban's Ben Franklin* Sep 8

Published by "J.O." Paulo Rónai Oct 4

PUERTO RICO

Comerio Reborn Oct 2

Puerto Rican Sketches Calixto H. de Mier Jun 22



Quito's Magic Carpets Feb 18



Reef, Betty *Adiós, Santo Tomás* Apr 3
(and Arthur) *Banks on Wheels* Jul 23

Reynolds, Dorothy *Guatemalan Dances* Jan 31

Rhythms from the South Sigmund Spaeth Feb 31

Roberts, Elliot B. *To Probe the Earth and the Sky* Jul 7

Robinson Pérez, Lillian *Aushiris Against the World* Sep 4

Rónai, Paulo *Published by "J.O."* Oct 4

Ronan, Elena Vinadé *Gaiety Cure* Aug 14



Samper, Armando *Man from Turrialba* May 11

Santagran Victorino Tejeira Dec 24

Sañudo, Celestino *How to Build a House* Nov 30

Scaling the Andes George I. Bell Feb 11

School for Public Servants Georges D. Landau Nov 12

Schultz, Harald *Krahos' White Chief* Apr 14

SCIENCE

ITA Keeps Them Flying Georges D. Landau Jun 12

To Probe the Earth and the Sky Elliot B. Roberts

Jul 7

Window on the Cosmos Ismael Escobar Nov 3

Second Columbus Andrés Townsend Ecurra May 23

Seegers, Scott *Guatemala's Other Half* Nov 16

Shopping Around Jan 12

Silva Valdés, Fernán *Devilish Night* Aug 19

Snowball Raúl Nass Sep 27

Spaeth, Sigmund *Rhythms from the South* Feb 31

Spanish Mission to Virginia Lawrence T. King Nov 19

Spinetti, Carlos *Along Calle Florida* Jun 8

SPORTS

Flying Wrestler Hubert Leckie Oct 25

Scaling the Andes George I. Bell Feb 11

Story of a River Vicente Barbieri Mar 26



Teachers of Teachers H. W. Boesenberg Mar 14

Tejeira, Gil Blas *Phonograph* Jul 26

Tejera, Victorino *Santagran* Dec 24

Téllez, Hernando *Lather and Nothing Else* Jan 22

THEATER, MOVIES, AND RADIO

No Axe to Grind Aubrey B. Haines Apr 19

Plantation Playwright Aug 8

Tinky Mercer Cook Oct 28

To Probe the Earth and the Sky Elliot B. Roberts

Jul 7

Too Much Paper Elizabeth B. Kilmer Mar 38

Townsend Ecurra, André *Second Columbus* May 23

TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION

Boats of No Return Enrique Bunter Mar 24

Flying Cargo Renée Little Mar 9

TRAVEL

Day at the Fair Aug 32

Fiesta Town James Norman Oct 10

Forgotten Island Wallace B. Alig Dec 14

Guatemalan Dances Dorothy Reynolds Jan 31

Haitian Hinterland Hugh B. Cave Feb 26

How to Build a Tourist Industry Kathleen Walker Jan 18

My Trip Was Worth It Porter Hardy, Jr. Jan 3

Open Road in Costa Rica Esther and Wilbur Cross

Jan 18

Other Mexico Érico Verissimo Jan 6

Popayán Christmas Andrew Hunter Whiteford Dec 7

Shopping Around Jan 12

Up the Amazon Elizabeth Keen Jan 25



UNITED STATES

Borrowed Families Marion Wilhelm Nov 23

Children's Book Fair Jan 30

Cuban's Ben Franklin José Antonio Portuondo

Sept 8

Flying Cargo Renée Little Feb 9

Forgotten Island Wallace B. Alig Dec 14

Gaiety Cure Elena Vinadé Ronan Aug 14

How to Build a Tourist Industry Kathleen Walker Jan 18

Meskowki Powwow Gertrude P. Kurath May 28

My Trip Was Worth It Porter Hardy, Jr. Jan 3

No Axe to Grind Aubrey B. Haines Apr 19

Spanish Mission to Virginia Lawrence T. King

Jan 19

Up the Amazon Elizabeth Keen Jan 25



VENEZUELA

Miss World Rafael Pineda Feb 16

Versatile Andrés Bello Ernesto Ardura Oct 16

Verissimo, Érico *Other Mexico* Jan 6

Versatile Andrés Bello Ernesto Ardura Oct 16

Vinacua, Rodolfo *Wall* Feb 22



Walker, Kathleen *Gowns by Estévez* Dec 11

How to Build a Tourist Industry Jan 18

Wall Rodolfo Vinacua Feb 22

Warren, Leslie F. *Amazon Fireball* May 3

What Are Their Chances? Elizabeth B. Kilmer

Sep 21

What's Happened to Latin America's Small Towns?

Fernando Guillén Martínez Apr 8

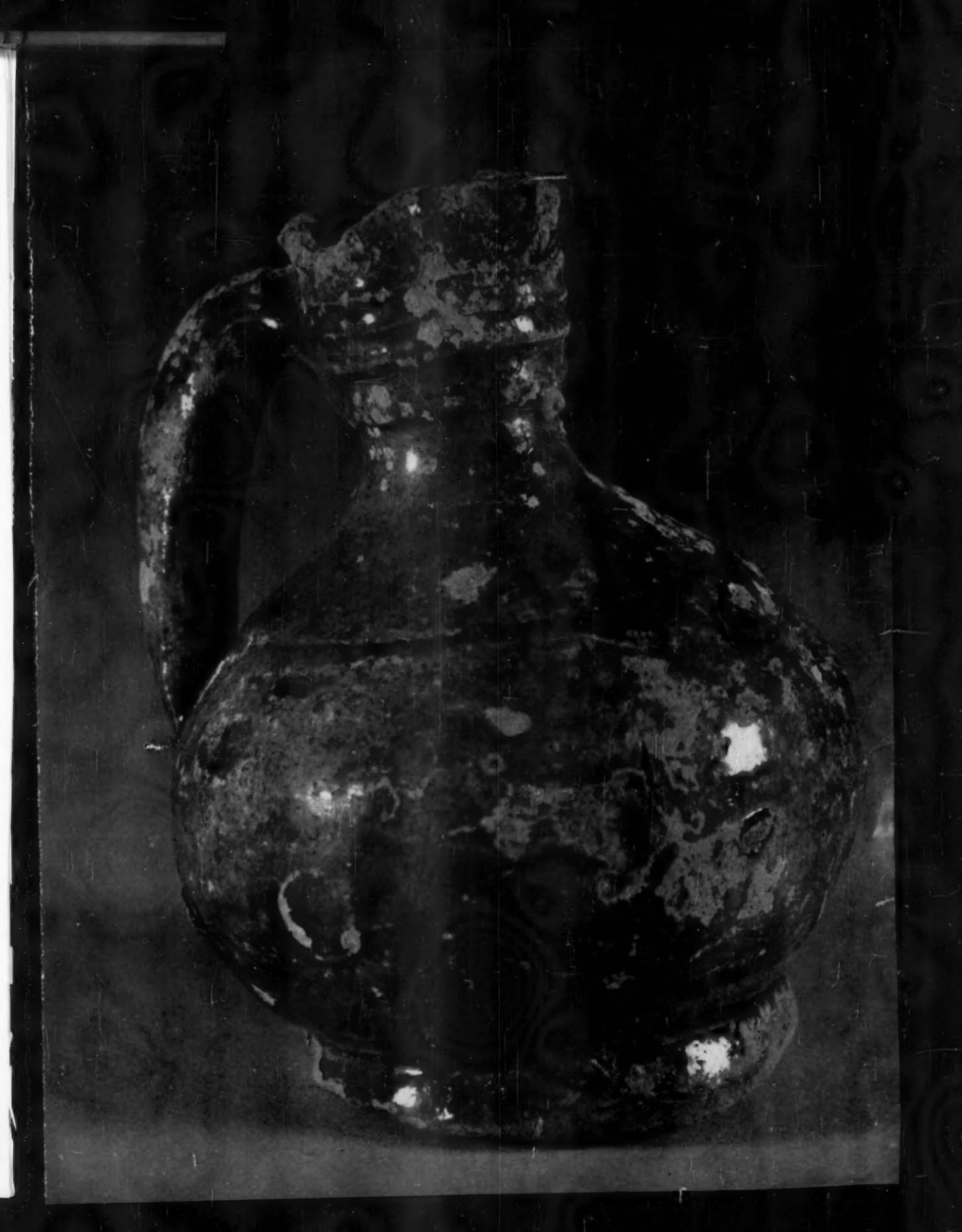
Whiteford, Andrew Hunter *Popayán Christmas* Dec 7

Wilhelm, Marion *Borrowed Families* Nov 23

Wilson, Betty *Adventures in Folk Music* Sep 15

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Window on the Cosmos Ismael Escobar Nov 3



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